

F.D.C.

COMICS

No. 2

10c

SUMMER







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**BEGINNING**

with this issue

**"LUCKY  
COMICS"**

is now published

**QUARTERLY**

due to

**War Production Board**

limitations on use

of paper.

**The Publisher.**

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,  
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.  
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF  
AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

of "LUCKY COMICS" published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Rubinstein, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "LUCKY COMICS" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, J. A. Ruby, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.; Editor, J. A. Ruby, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.; Business Manager, Joseph A. Rubinstein, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, the name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Consolidated Magazines, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.; Joseph A. Rubinstein, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.; Jacob M. Kornfeld, 551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)  
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) JOSEPH A. RUBINSTEIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL)

Charles B. Lifflander.

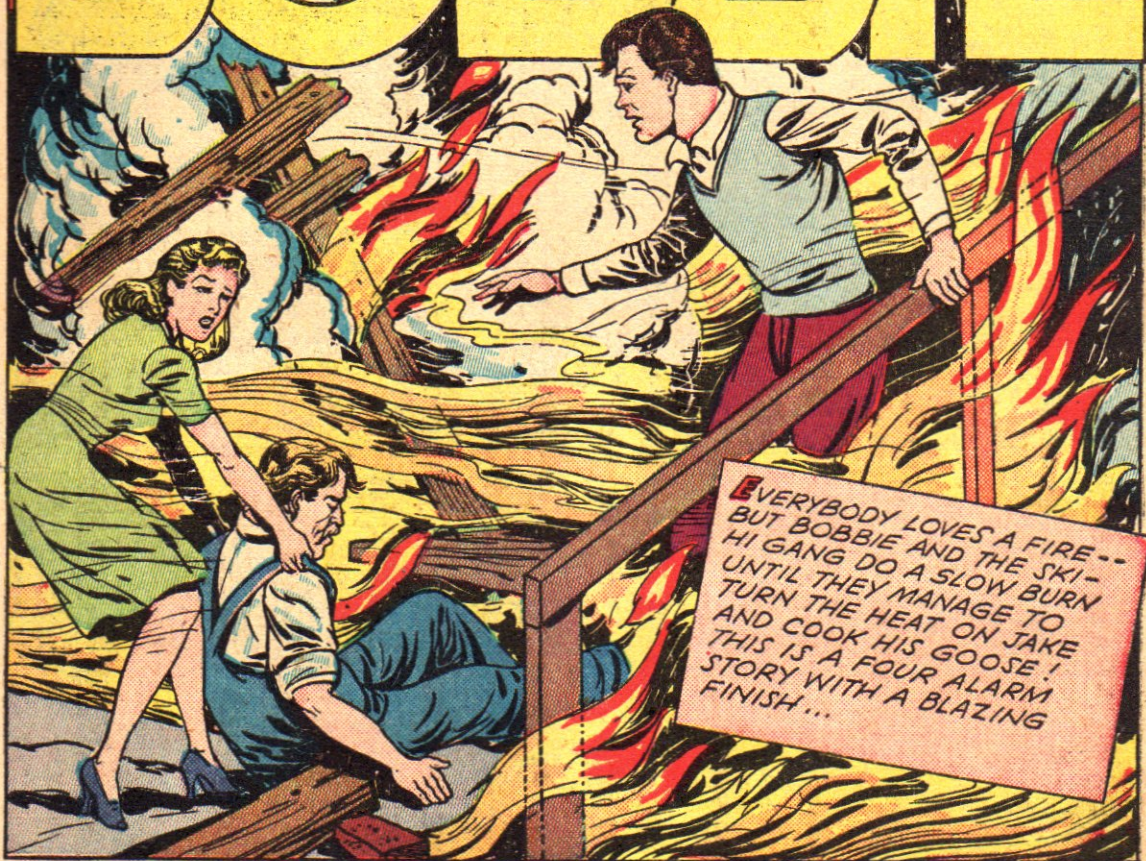
(My commission expires, March 30, 1946.)

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FEATURING

# BOBBIE



AFTER SCHOOL, THE JUNIOR HIGH CROWD MAKES A DASH FOR ITS CLUB!

WE CAN'T STAY TOO LONG, KIDS-- EXAMS ARE COMING UP SOON!

WE WON'T-- C'MON, LET'S GET JUMPIN'!

SKI-HI CLUB

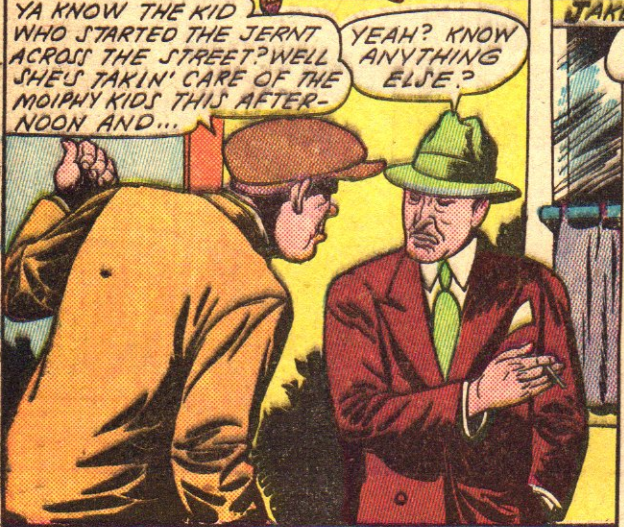
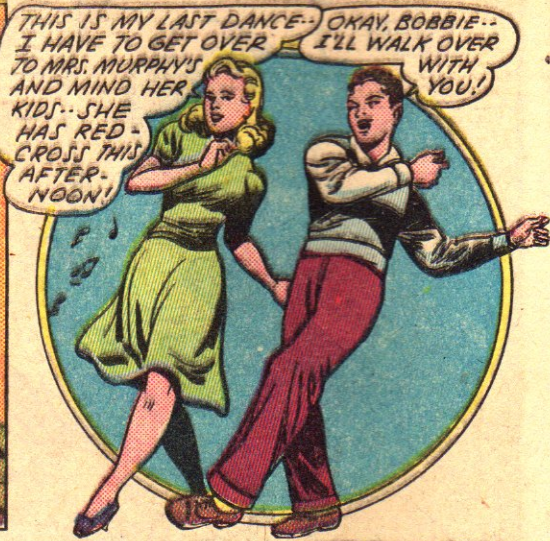
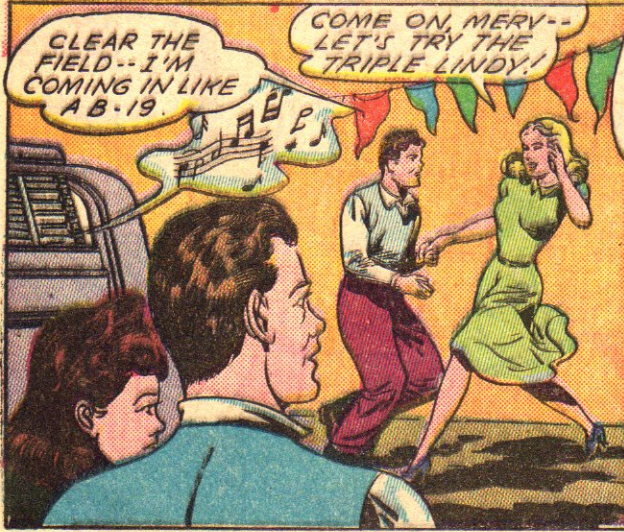
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO NOW, JAKE? THEM KIDS WERE YOUR TRADE, WEREN'T THEY?

OH, I HAVE A HUNCH THAT CLUB WON'T LAST VERY LONG!

JAKE'S



# BOBBIE





# BOBBIE

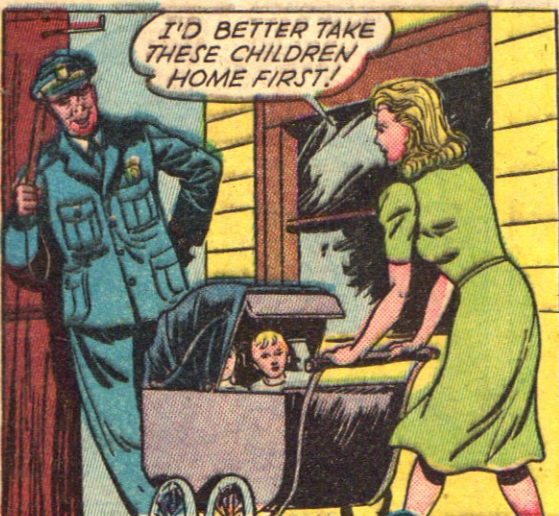
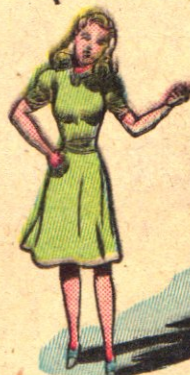
LATER, BOBBIE HAPPENS TO PASS ALONG THE STREET BEHIND THE WENTWORTH APARTMENTS ...

WELL, THIS IS ONE WAY TO GET FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE, I GUESS! HMM, THAT MAN LOOKS LIKE ...



JAY! IT IS JAKE!

NOW WHY WOULD HE BE SNEAKING INTO A CELLAR? LOOKS FISHY TO ME-- I THINK I'LL JUST SEE WHAT HE IS UP TO!



I'D BETTER TAKE THESE CHILDREN HOME FIRST!



SAY -- OFFICER, WOULD YOU MIND WATCHING THE KIDS FOR ME -- JUST FOR A MINUTE!

WHY, SHURE, MISS!



NOW, DON'T YOU TWO START ANY SHENANIGANS ON ME -- OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!



FIRST, I'LL TELL THE JANITOR THAT I SAW JAKE COME IN -- AFTER ALL, MAYBE JAKE LIVES HERE OR SOMETHING!



# BOBBIE

MEANTIME IN THE CELLAR OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE!



HUH! THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH!

(COUGH) WHEW! THAT STUFF BURNS FAST-- I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

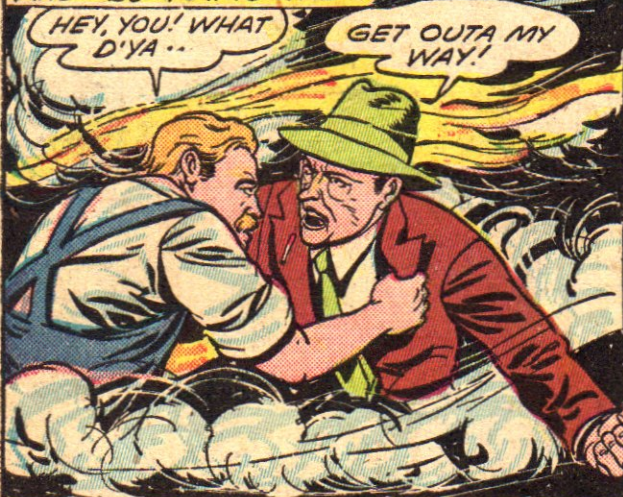


SECONDS LATER, THE JANITOR GOES DOWNSTAIRS TO INVESTIGATE BOBBIE'S SUSPICIONS!



A FIRE! THAT GIRL WAS RIGHT!

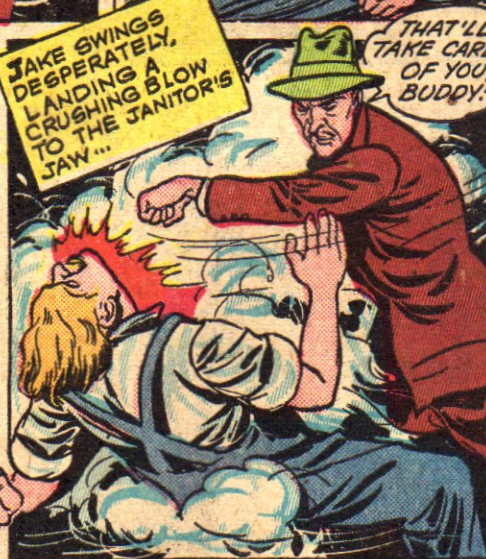
AND - BUMPS INTO JAKE --



HEY, YOU! WHAT D'YA ...

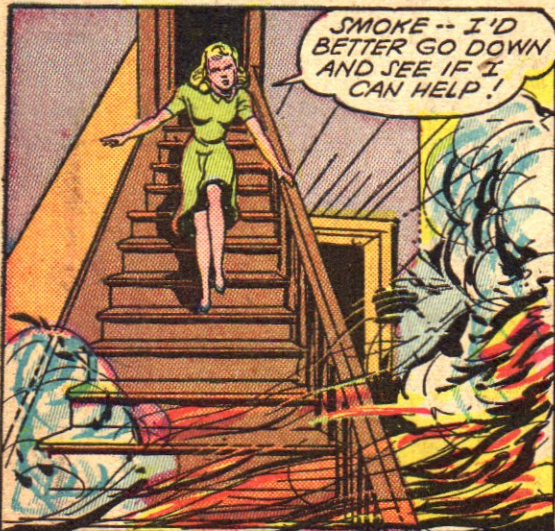
GET OUTA MY WAY!

JAKE SWINGS DESPERATELY, LANDING A CRUSHING BLOW TO THE JANITOR'S JAW ...



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, BUDDY!

SMOKE -- I'D BETTER GO DOWN AND SEE IF I CAN HELP!

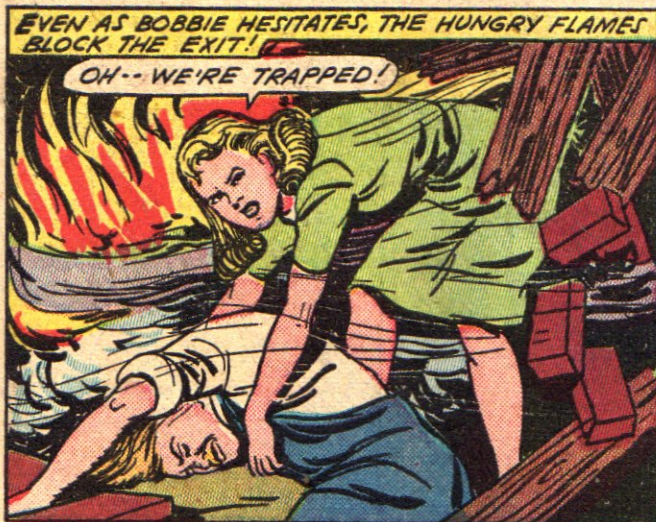
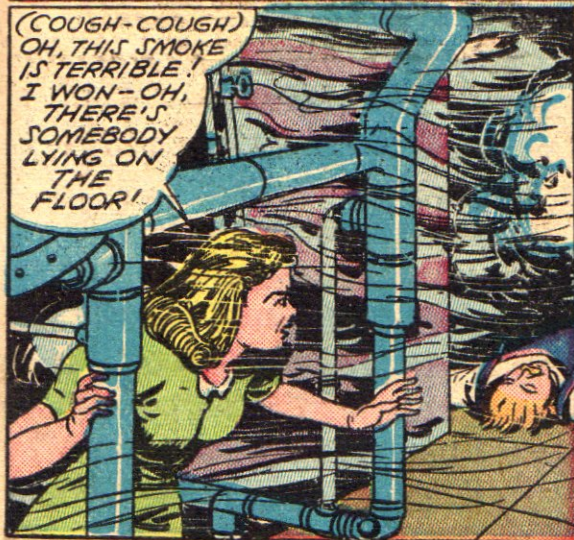


YUP -- THAT GUY WON'T EVER COME TO IN TIME TO TELL ANYBODY WHO STARTED THIS FIRE!





# BOBBIE



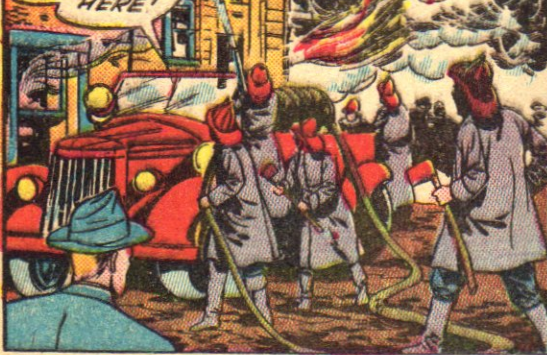


# BOBBIE

FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE TRUCKS ARRIVE -- THE FIRE IS BURNING FURIOUSLY!

GET THAT NUMBER 4 HOSE OVER HERE!

STAND BACK, EVERYONE!



HI, DAD-- THIS IS SOME FIRE!

HELLO, SON-- THIS IS AN ARSON JOB, I HEAR!

OFFICER, I SAW THE FELLOW WHO DID IT!



IT WAS THIS BOY-- I SAW HIM RUNNING OUT OF THE BUILDING!

NO-- I RAN TO THE FIRE BOX!



SON, I'M SURE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS -- WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY TO PROVE IT!



JAKE SHOVED THROUGH THE CROWD AND --

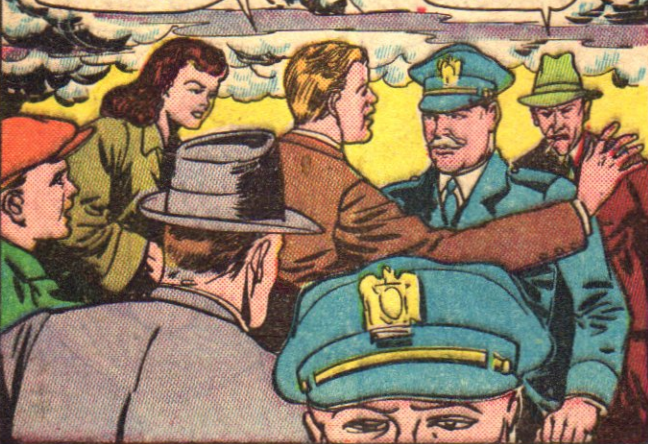
THE KID DID START THE FIRE -- I SAW HIM LEAVE THE BUILDING JUST BEFORE THE FIRE STARTED!



JAKE! THAT'S A LIE!

DO YOUR DUTY, OFFICER-- ARREST THAT BOY!

HUH-- HE WON'T-- IT'S HIS OWN SON!



G-GO AHEAD, POP-- I-I CAN TAKE IT!

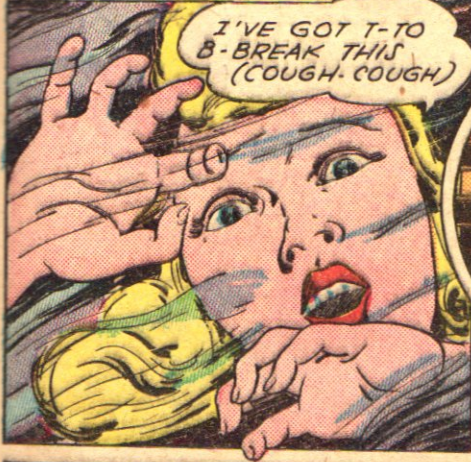
I'LL PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST, SON-- BUT I'M SURE THAT WE'LL CLEAR THIS UP!





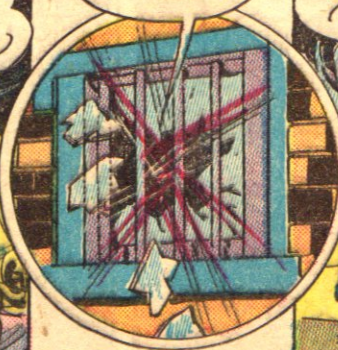
# BOBBIE

MEANTIME, BOBBIE HAS MANAGED TO STRUGGLE ACROSS TO THE BASEMENT WINDOW...



THE GLASS SHATTERS...

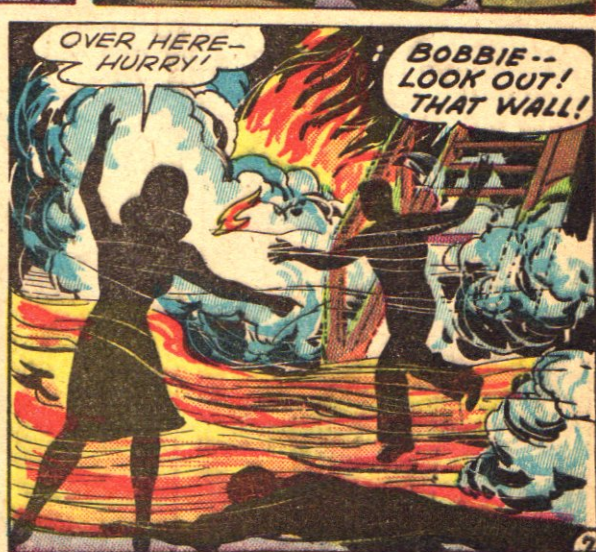
**HELP!**



HELP (COUGH) OH, PLEASE! **HELP!** (JOB)

WHAT'S THAT!

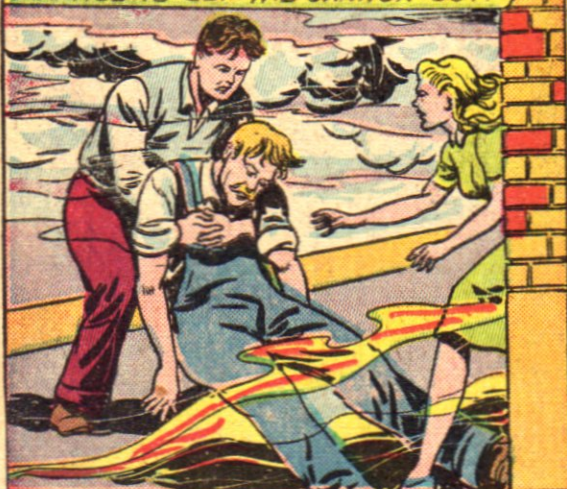
LOOK! IT'S BOBBIE!





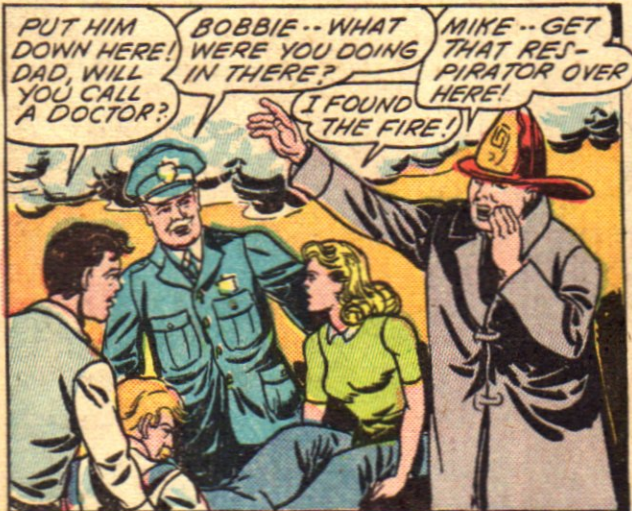
# BOBBIE

WITH MERVYN'S HELP, THE TWO YOUNGSTERS MANAGE TO GET THE JANITOR OUT!



LOOK--THERE'RE THREE OF 'EM COMING OUT!

THANK HEAVENS!



PUT HIM DOWN HERE! DAD, WILL YOU CALL A DOCTOR?

BOBBIE--WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THERE?

MIKE--GET THAT RESPIRATOR OVER HERE!

I FOUND THE FIRE!



MINUTES PASS SLOWLY --- HE'S COMING TO NOW!

TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



WHAT HAPPENED? CAN YOU TELL US ANYTHING?

I SURE CAN! THE GUY WHO SET THE FIRE KNOCKED ME OUT!



WAS IT THIS BOY?

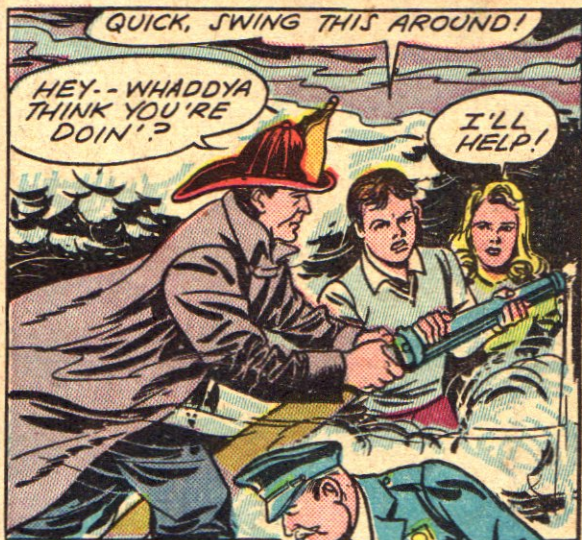
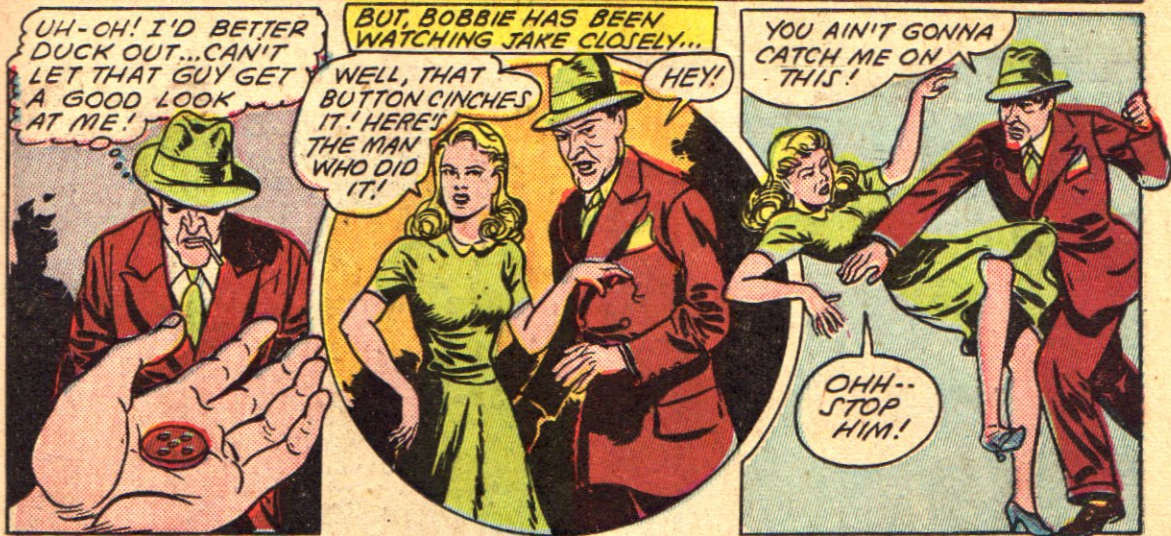
HMM--IT WAS SO SMOKY, I DIDN'T SEE HIM DISTINCTLY! SOMEONE ABOUT HIS SIZE ANYHOW!



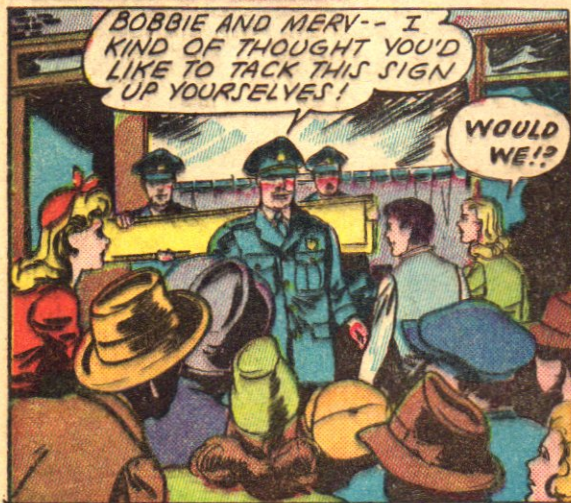
MAYBE THIS'LL HELP-- I PULLED THIS BUTTON OFF HIS COAT WHEN I TRIED TO CATCH HIM!



# BOBBIE

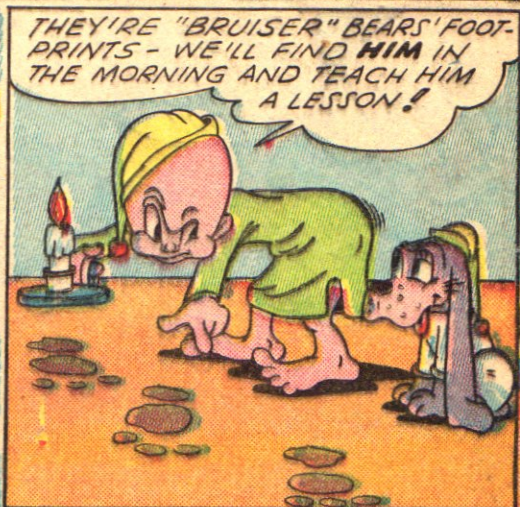
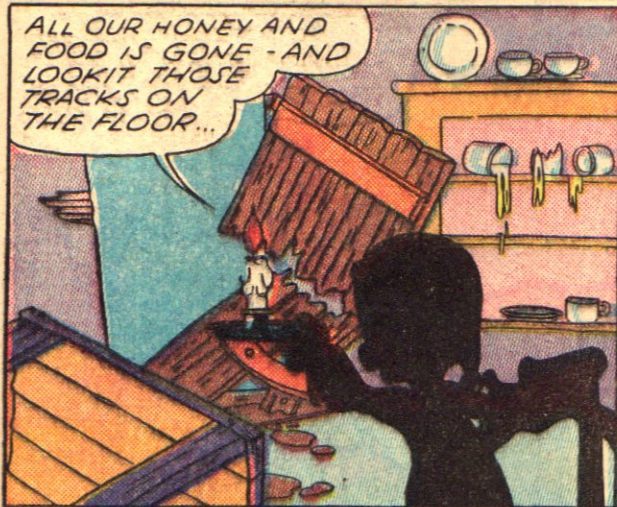
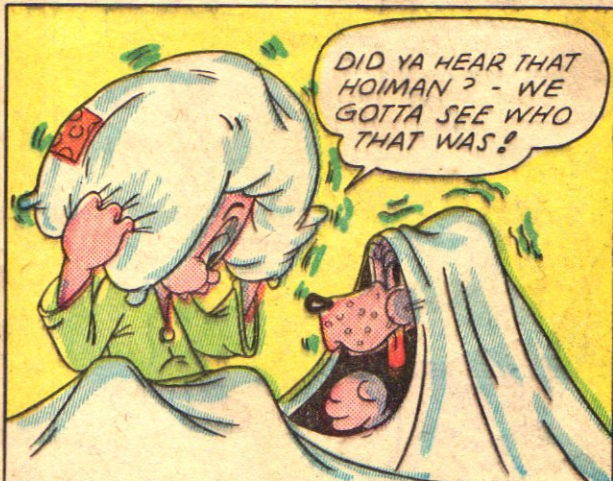
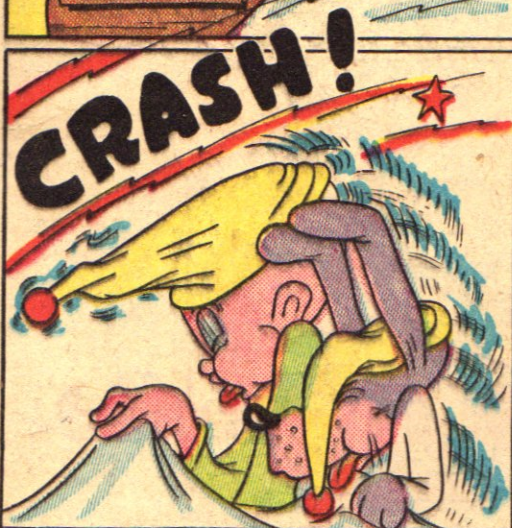






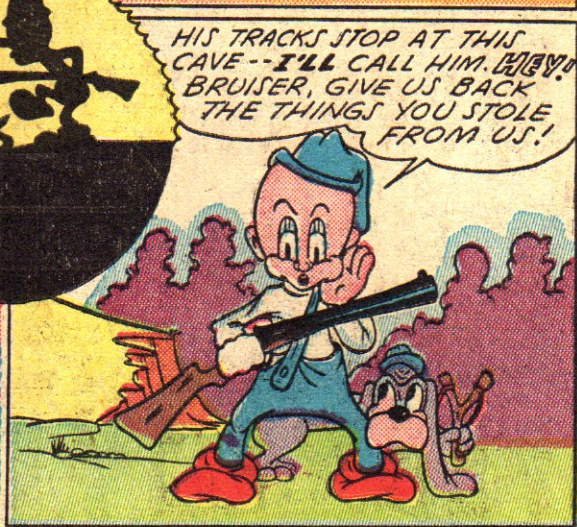
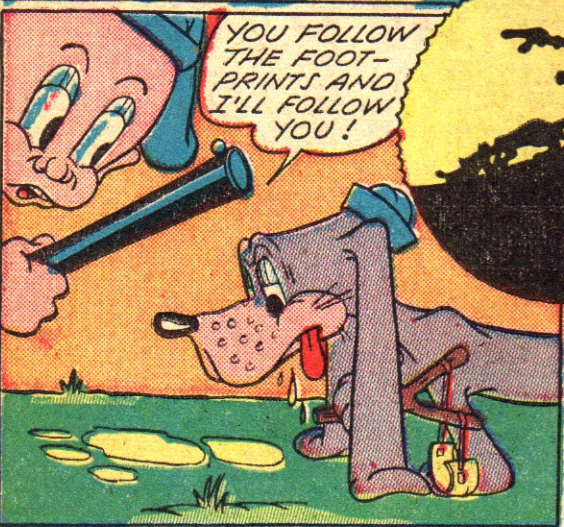
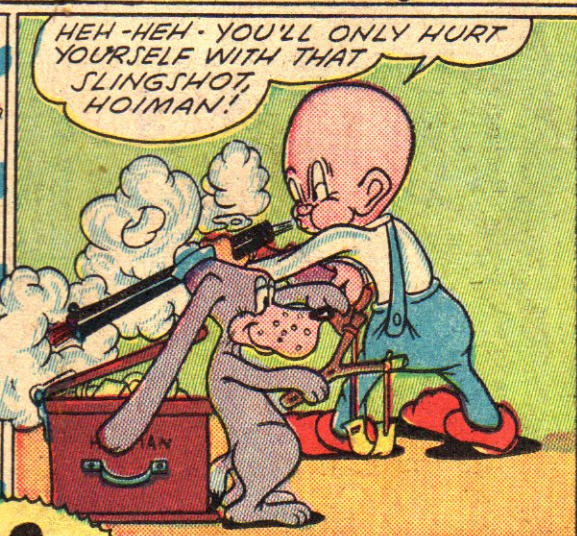
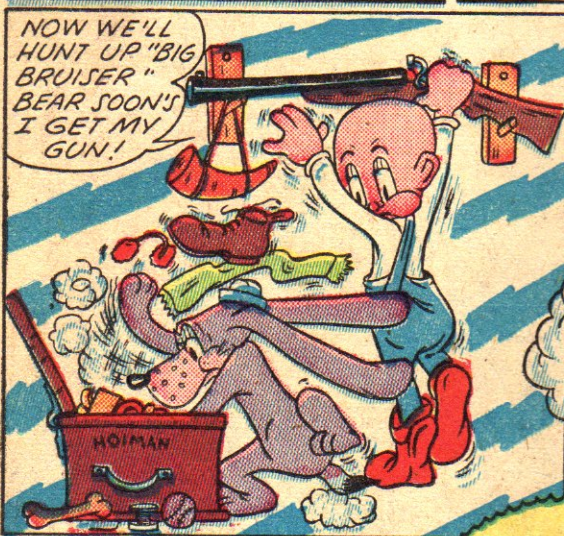
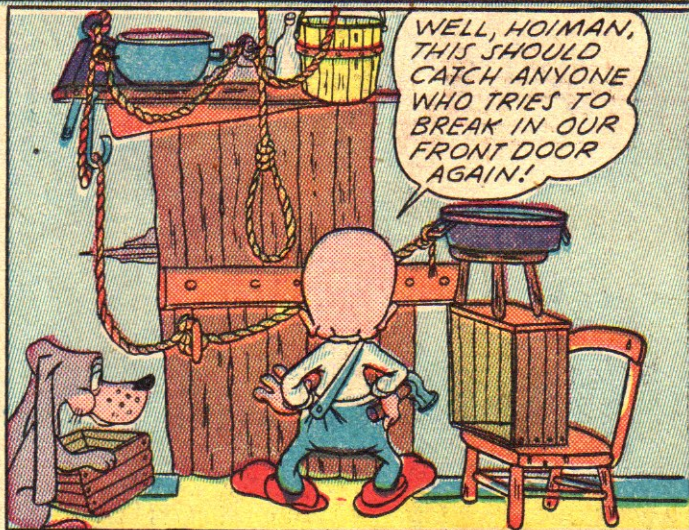
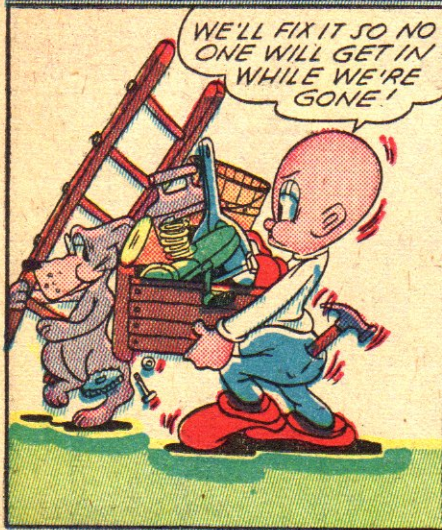


# NOMIE and HOIMAN



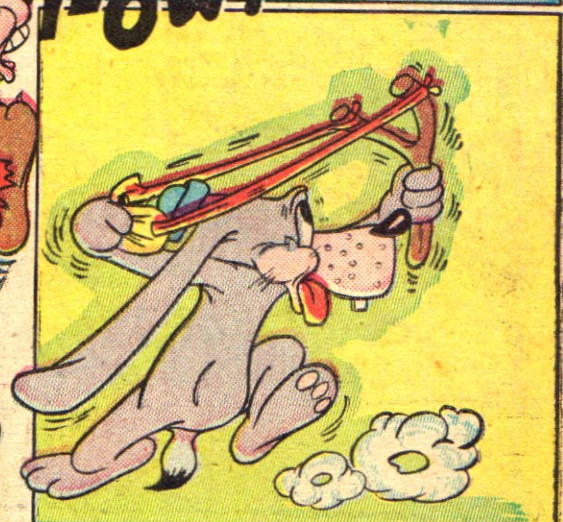
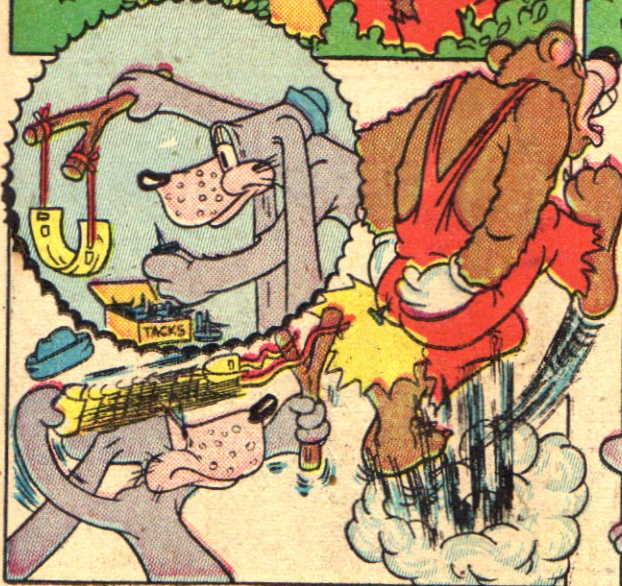
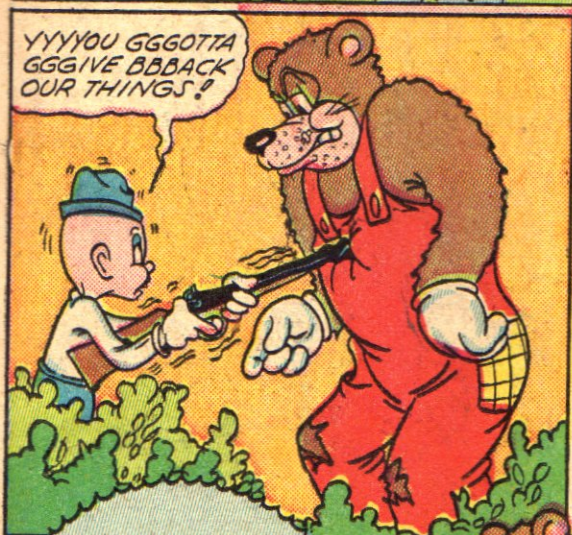
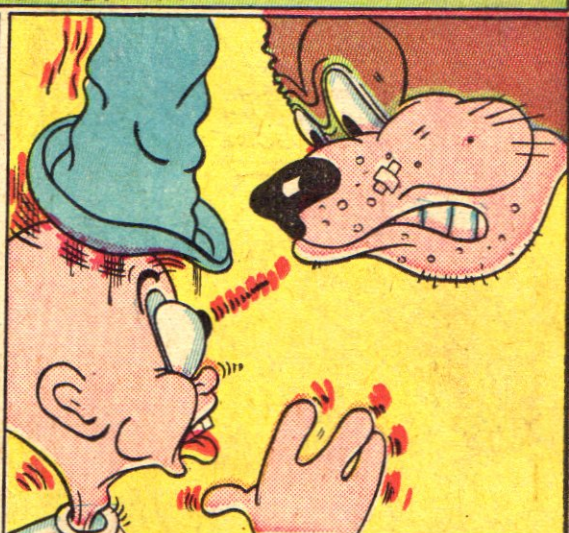
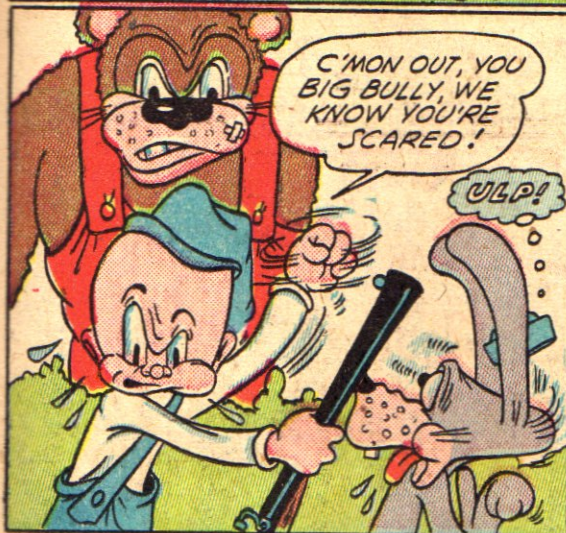


# NOMIE AND HOIMAN

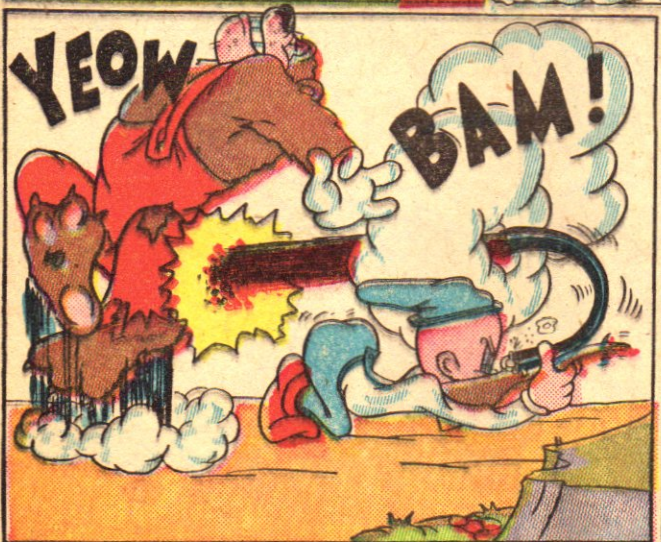
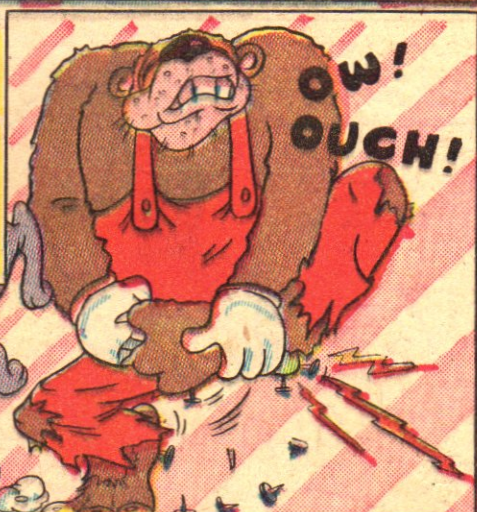
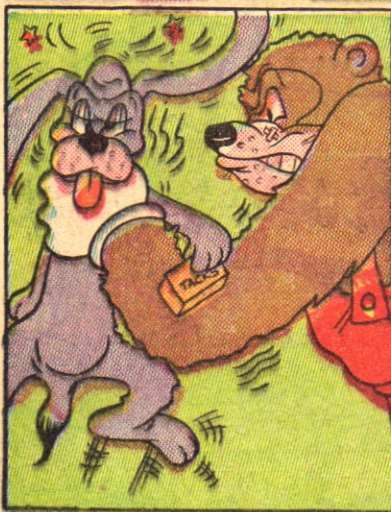
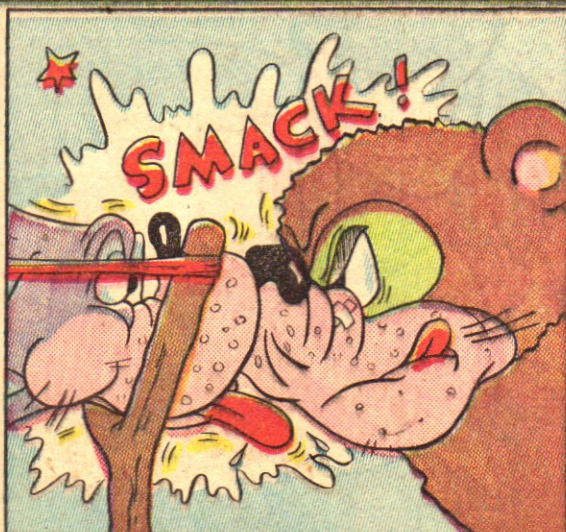
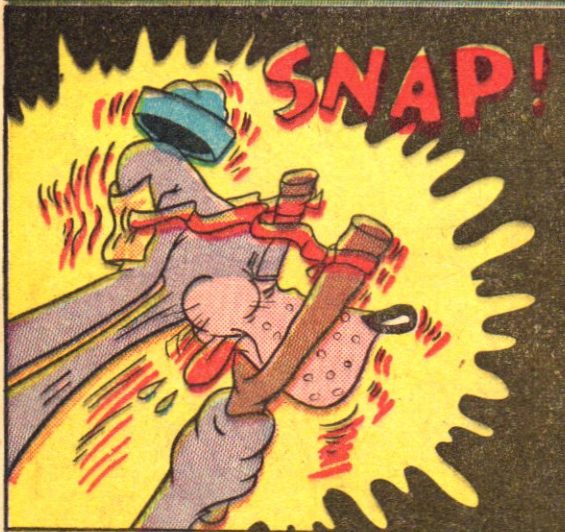




# NOMIE AND HOIMAN



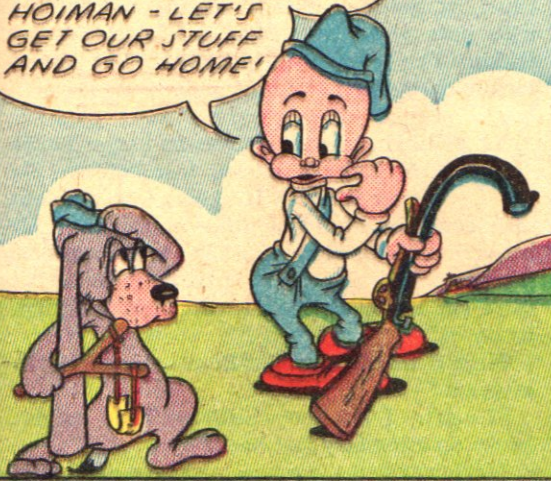




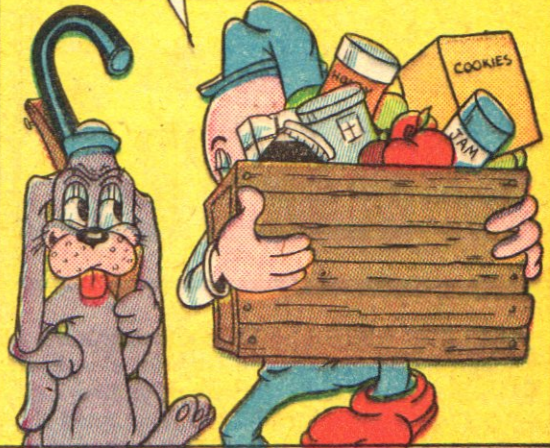


# NOMIE AND HOIMAN

HE'S GONE FOR GOOD,  
HOIMAN - LET'S  
GET OUR STUFF  
AND GO HOME!



OH, BOY! WE GOT MORE THINGS  
THAN "BRUISER BEAR" TOOK FROM  
US. I GUESS WE TAUGHT HIM NOT  
TO TAKE THINGS THAT DON'T  
BELONG TO HIM!

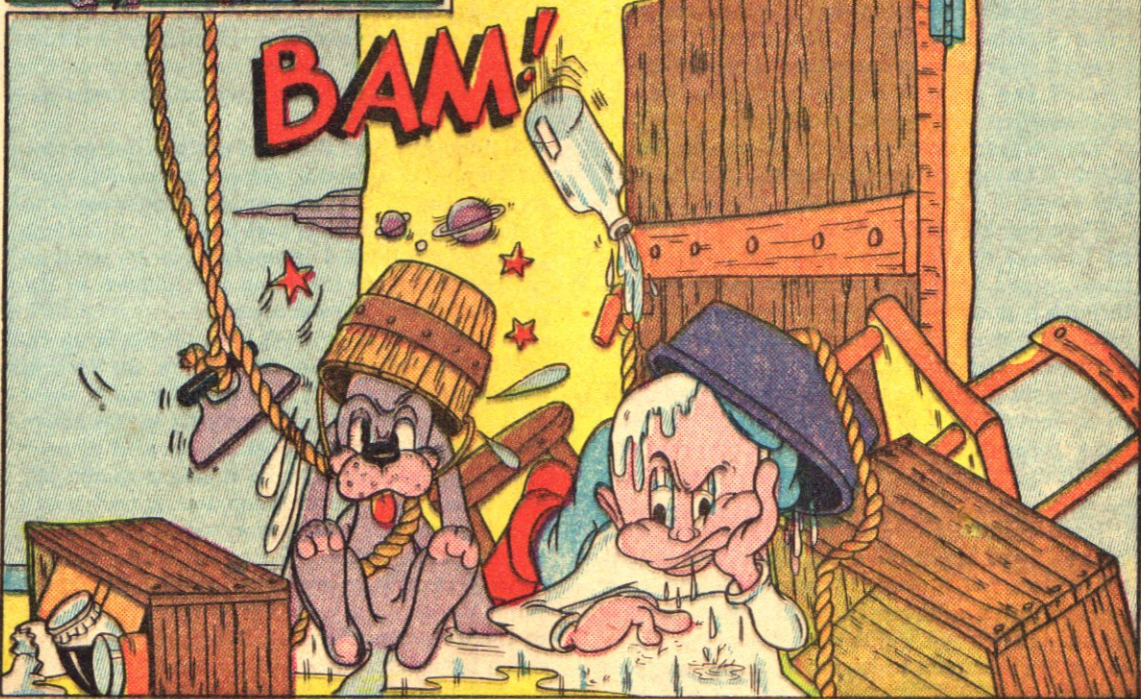


YESSIREE! WE CAN  
CATCH ANY THIEVES  
THERE ARE - 'OPEN  
THE DOOR FOR  
ME, 'HOIMAN'!



# CRASH!

# BAM!





# 26 INCHES FROM DEATH

**B**ULLETS whizzed by Herb Greeman's head and he could hear the frightful chorus of the machine guns that sounded like corn popping on a hot skillet. White dust filled the early dawn. A land mine belched up mud and water and shredded shrubbery less than twenty feet in front of him.

But Herb pressed closer to the ground and wriggled slowly forward, his dungarees scratching and plowing a furrow in the slimy mud. His hands were burned and scratched from the long crawl across the littered ground. Through sand, mud, rocks, rubble and barbed wire he had wormed his way with dozens of machine guns spitting at him from the dim distance and Sergeant Welsh bellowing at him every time he stopped from utter exhaustion. Other soldiers labored and grunted in the hard going to his right and left and behind him.

The sergeant bellowed now: "Come on, Greeman! This ain't no wiener roast. This is war! Get going!"

Herb dug his hands into the earth and squirmed forward through the slimy mud. A sharp stick gouged his cheek wickedly as he slipped through a puddle of muddy water on his stomach. And then he stopped. He lay as still as if frozen. His muscles wouldn't react.

Sergeant Welsh, veteran of hundreds of such trips under fire, was crawling up beside him, right through the mud puddle. He growled churlishly, "Come on, Greeman; we haven't got all day."

Herb pointed ahead of him. The sergeant's eyes followed his, fascinated. Then his weather-beaten face paled under the grime and dirt and stark terror was mirrored in his eyes. In the eyes that belonged to the man whose job it was to teach other men to be brave, terror was evident.

Because, less than three feet in front of their

clutching, grabbing fingers, hissing and rattling with pure wickedness, was a four-foot rattle-snake. The beady eyes glistened. The forked tongue darted in and out of underslung jaws.

**W**ELSH pleaded. He was no longer tough. He had not known fear before. He knew it now. He knew that different men could be afraid of different things. He bleated at Herb, who was closest to the reptilian menace: "Do something! And do it quick! We can't get up or those machine guns will mow us down."

Herb's mind raced. "Blow your whistle, sergeant."

"I can't. I lost the whistle. The lanyard broke on a log fifty feet back."

Herb watched the menacing snake, fascinated by its glare of venomous hate. "If I only had a gun—"

Then the snake moved. Glided forward silently for a foot. Coiled once more, hissing vengefully. Watching that deadly reptile, events of the last ten minutes raced through Herb's mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**E HAD fastened his dungarees with trembling fingers as his eyes strained into the dim darkness of the early dawn. A thousand yards away he could see dimly, through the foggy haze that clung to the Florida bush country, the long row of machine guns lined up at the far end of the infiltration course; the course that was to teach them attack under actual war conditions.

Behind him was the solid earth of a tree-covered knoll that would presently crumble and tremble under the impact of thousands and thousands of machine gun bullets. And Herb Greeman shuddered shamefully as he contemplated the frightfulness and horribleness of the next half hour. He was afraid.

Would he turn yellow? Would his brain revolt at the silliness of crawling in the face of spitting machine guns that would pour a sheet of live ammunition just twenty-six inches above the refuse-littered and obstacle-covered course? Would he be able to take it like a man? Or would he go to pieces when this almost wierd training for war got under way? Would he scream with fright? Would his brain and his heart give way to frenzied terror? Would he jump up—crazed with the din and the fright of this commando training—only to be mowed down by machine gun bullets rained at him by his own comrades just a thousand yards away?

He had no more time to think. Action was



coming up. Sergeant Welsh, grizzled and weather-beaten, fingered a whistle hanging on a lanyard. His tough, salty eyes roved over the long line of soldiers that was stretched down the long length of the tree-covered knoll. His voice barked out his last-minute instructions.

"This is your final test. The slackers, the shirkers and the men in this group who lack fortitude will not complete this course. We want to find the weaklings now—before it is too late." His eyes moved along the line and focused on the frightened youngster. "What's the matter with you? Paralyzed?"

Herb laughed and answered, unashamed, "I'm scared."

The sergeant talked on, his voice crisp and brutal: "Under simulated conditions of actual warfare, our task is to crawl a thousand yards across this course under a rain of live ammunition. Land mines will go off in your faces. Airplanes will drop small bags of flour to imitate bombing and strafing from the air. You'll have to crawl through sand and mud and rocks and barbed wire."

He toyed with his whistle. "Keep close to the ground and you won't get hit. Remember, just 26 inches above the ground there is a layer of live machine gun fire. 26 inches gives you just room enough to keep from being hit—if you stay low!

"If you get scared—and haven't the nerve to finish the course—just lie still until you hear my whistle. That'll be the signal for the machine guns to cease firing." His eyes seemed almost to belch fire. "The men who fail this course can join the finance department—or go to the cook tent. The ones who pass—will get a real test in a real war—soon."

He raised his whistle, tentatively. "Ten seconds after I blow this whistle you better be flat—or those machine guns will cut you in half."

\* \* \* \* \*

**A**FTER that raced through his mind, Herb felt better. He was not a coward. He was simply afraid of something that he had not yet experienced. Now he was afraid no longer. . . . Of bullets and such. The sergeant had never been afraid of bullets. But he was afraid of this poisonous reptile that barred their path. That did not make a coward of the sergeant. He was afraid of something about which he knew nothing, the same as Herb had been afraid of live bullets raining over him, just 26 inches above the ground.

With every muscle taut and tense and every emotion tuned to fever pitch, Herb whispered to the sergeant, "Try to reach back of you and

pick that stick out of that mud puddle. Pass it up to me. Carefully, or the rattler will strike."

In a brief, thrill-packed moment, the sergeant had obeyed. Herb had the stick. The sergeant watched him fearfully, fascinated. Herb moved the stout stick forward slowly toward the snake.

Quicker than light, the coiled snake struck. Its wicked head shot forward vengefully. And in the same instant Herb jerked the stick forward and clamped it down firmly behind the snake's head. The rattler squirmed and threshed about violently, but the stick behind its head held the reptile helpless.

With bullets screaming over his head, Herb squirmed forward inch by inch, maintaining the firm pressure on the snake's head. Then he grasped the reptile firmly behind the head with his left hand and released the pressure on the stick. The rattler coiled viciously around his left forearm but Herb had his venomous head secure in a firm grip.

With bullets screaming over their heads and land mines exploding in the near foreground and sacks of flour dropping like puff-balls around them from the skies, mocking death from every direction, Herb squirmed and crawled and slid the tedious way to the far end of the course—that threshing, venomous, deadly rattlesnake gripped tight in his left hand. Herb and the sergeant were the first to arrive at the end of the course.

Herb got to his feet behind the serried row of machine guns, the snake still coiling and hissing around his left arm. He freed the coils and carefully tossed the rattler to the ground. Machine gun bullets finished off the snake with their stuttering clamor of death.

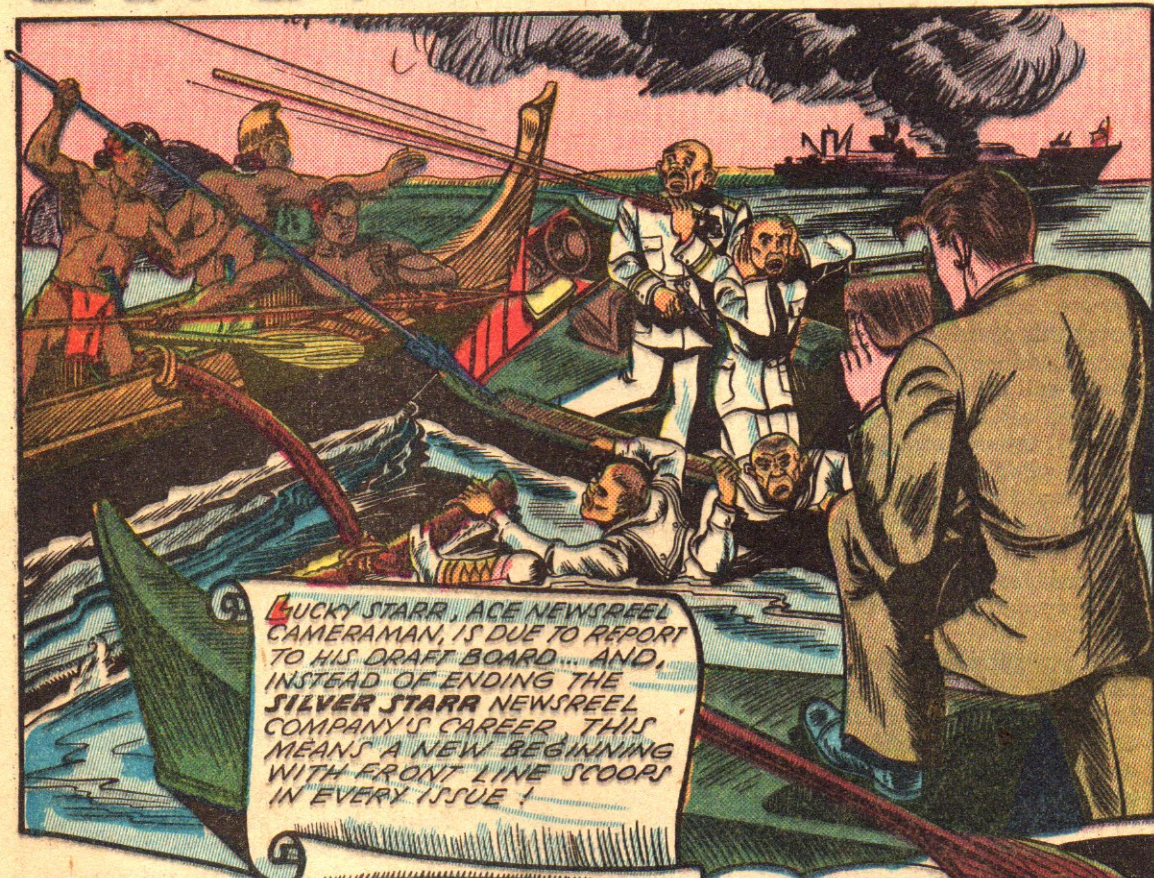
Sergeant Welsh was oddly docile, "Gree-man, I apologize. I honestly thought that you were yellow, but now I owe you my life. I've been an egotistical genius—thinking that it took courage for me to teach rookies to crawl along the ground with a curtain of sure death just 26 inches above the ground. I thought 26 inches from death was close. But you ran this course with a live rattlesnake! You had certain death right in your hand."

Herb grinned. "All men are afraid of something. Usually the thing about which they know nothing, or which they have never experienced. You're not afraid of crawling this course. I was—until I'd done it. You were afraid of that rattlesnake—because you know nothing about snakes. I wasn't. My father was the keeper of the Brookfield Snake House. I played with snakes like other kids play with toy soldiers."

THE END



# LUCKY STARR



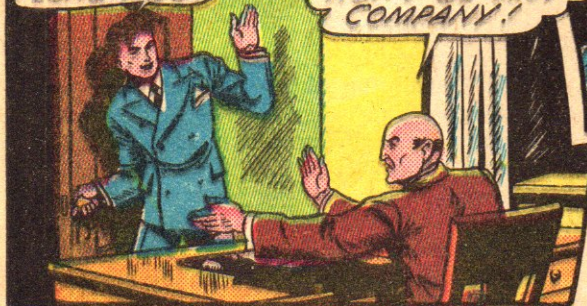
**LUCKY STARR IS OFF TO ANSWER HIS "GREETINGS" FROM THE DRAFT BOARD!**

YOU KNOW, MATT-- IF IT PLEASE, LUCKY-- WEREN'T FOR YOU AND OUR LITTLE COMPANY, I'D HAVE ENLISTED LONG AGO!

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! IF THEY TAKE YOU, THERE WON'T BE ANY COMPANY!

WELL, WISH ME LUCK, MATT-- I'M NOT EVEN SURE HOW I WANT THIS TO TURN OUT!

WELL, I DO. MY FINGERS ARE CROSSED ON YOU BEING AF! DON'T LET ME DOWN!





# LUCKY STARR

HOURS LATER ...

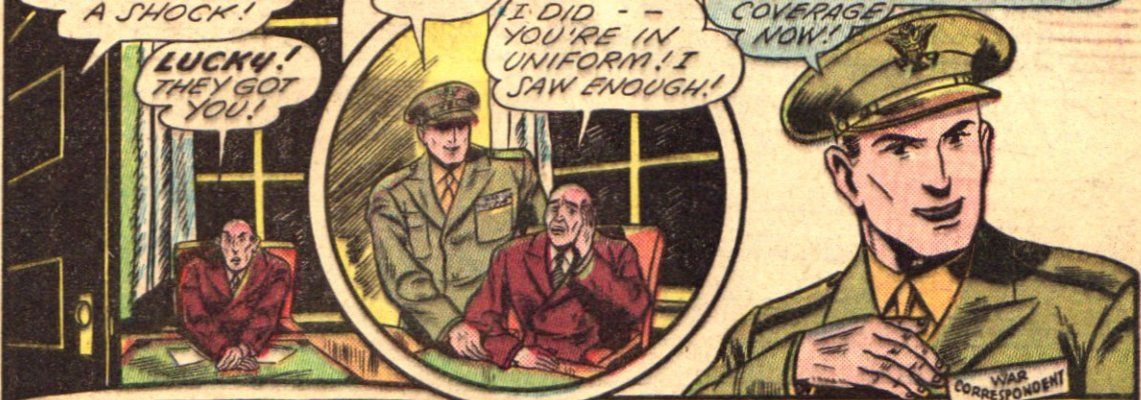
WELL, MATT--  
GET READY FOR  
A SHOCK!

**LUCKY!**  
THEY GOT  
YOU!

THINGS AREN'T AS  
BAD AS THEY SEEM,  
MATT-- TAKE A  
GOOD LOOK AT  
ME!

I DID --  
YOU'RE IN  
UNIFORM! I  
SAW ENOUGH!

DON'T SOUND SO UNPATRI-  
OTIC! ANYHOW-- SEE THIS?  
I'M A **WAR CORRESPONDENT!**  
MATT, SILVER STARR NEWS-  
REELS HAS BATTLE FRONT  
COVERAGE  
NOW!



YOU MEAN...? OH, BOY-- TRY  
TO STOP US NOW!! LUCKY,  
THIS IS THE **PROUDEST** DAY OF  
MY LIFE! NO ONE EVER LOOKED  
SO GOOD IN A UNITED STATES  
UNIFORM BEFORE!

THE NEXT DAY, LUCKY TAKES OFF FOR  
SOMEWHERE-- IN THE PACIFIC!

I'LL SHIP EVERYTHING  
BACK TO YOU AS SOON  
AS I CAN,  
MATT!

WELL, JUST DON'T  
FORGET THAT YOU'RE  
THE ONLY CAMERAMAN  
WE HAVE!

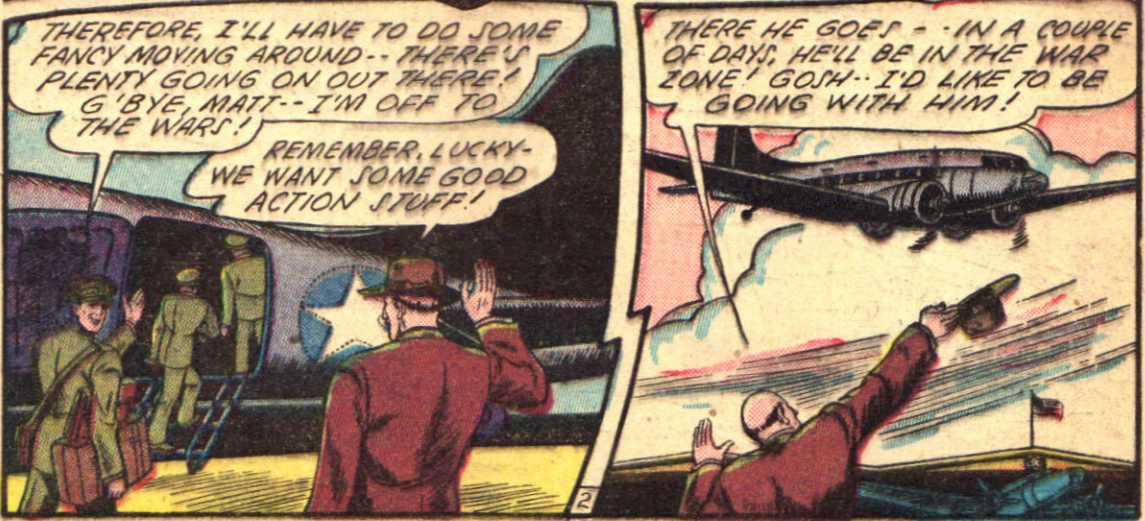
AW, CUT THE BLARNEY--  
YOU MEAN, GET OUT THERE  
AND GET THE PICTURES!



THEREFORE, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME  
FANCY MOVING AROUND-- THERE'S  
PLENTY GOING ON OUT THERE!  
G'BYE, MATT-- I'M OFF TO  
THE WARS!

REMEMBER, LUCKY--  
WE WANT SOME GOOD  
ACTION STUFF!

THERE HE GOES -- IN A COUPLE  
OF DAYS, HE'LL BE IN THE WAR  
ZONE! GOSH-- I'D LIKE TO BE  
GOING WITH HIM!





# LUCKY STARR

**DAYS LATER, AT A SOUTH PACIFIC INVASION BASE --**

CHECK THOSE FISH TUBES, MISTER--WE'RE SHOVING OFF IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

HEY--HOLD ON! I'M COMING ALONG!

I JUST GOT IN AN HOUR AGO AND YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER GAVE ME PERMISSION TO COVER THIS ASSIGNMENT!

HUH--FIRST THING YOU KNOW THEY'LL BE ASKING US TO WEAR MAKE-UP! WELL, GET ABOARD!

PT 15

GIVE HER THE GUN, MISTER, AND LET'S GO!

WOW--HEY! THIS IS WORSE THAN A BUCKING BRONC!

LUCKY FINALLY FINDS HIS PT LEGS!

CUT THE MOTOR--ENEMY IS DEAD AHEAD! PREPARE FOR ATTACK!

OH-BOY--THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

CIRCLING CAUTIOUSLY, THE PT SUDDENLY ROARS INTO ACTION AND RACES TOWARDS THE JAP SHIPS!

PT 15

FIRE ONE!  
FIRE TWO!

MAN ALIVE--THIS IS SENSATIONAL!

WE HIT HER! READY! THREE TUBE! TURN IN FOR ANOTHER RUN!

HEY-LOOK! A TORPEDO COMING AT US!

PT 15



# LUCKY STARR

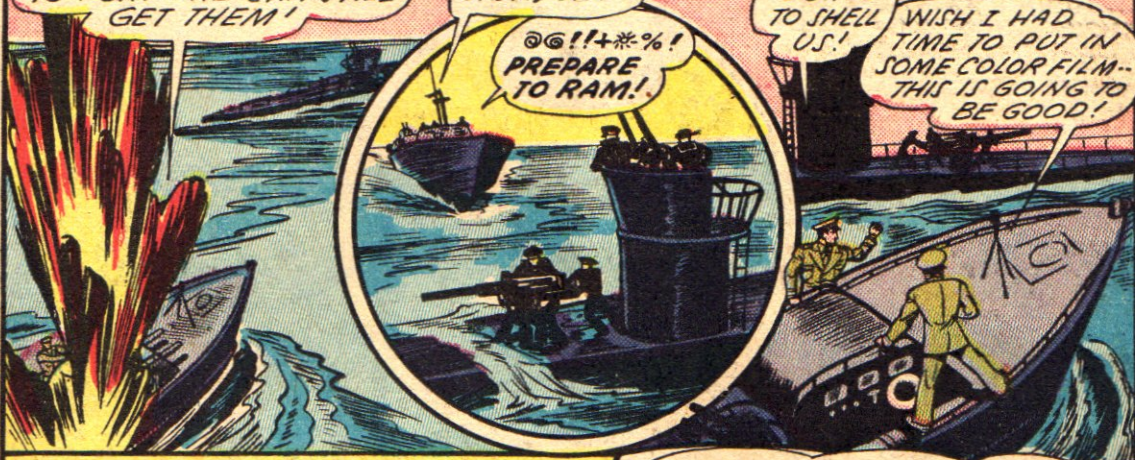
TOO LATE-- WHERE'D THAT SUB COME FROM? HARD TO PORT-- WE CAN STILL GET THEM!

OUR TORPEDO TUBES ARE OUT OF COMMISSION, SIR

HOLD TIGHT-- THE LITTLE MONKEYS ARE GOING TO SHELL US!

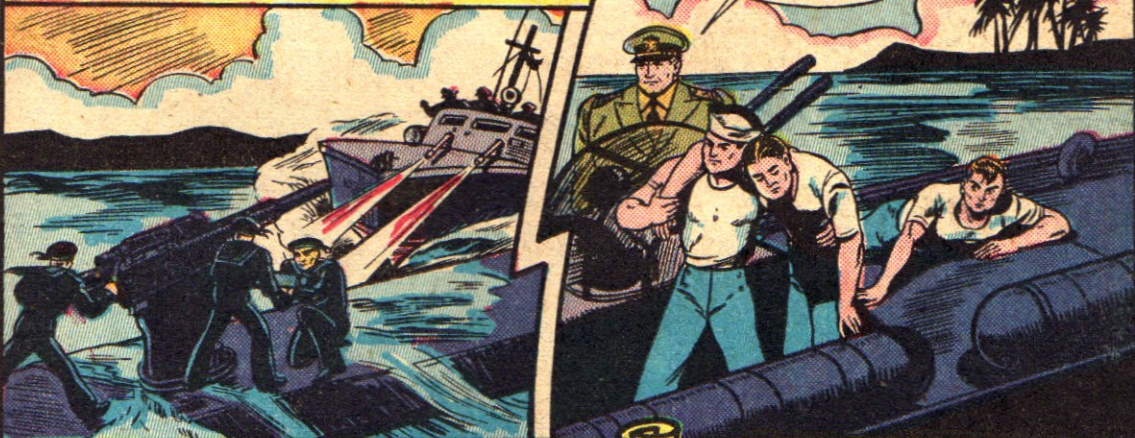
WISH I HAD TIME TO PUT IN SOME COLOR FILM-- THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!

@@!!+\*%!  
PREPARE TO RAM!



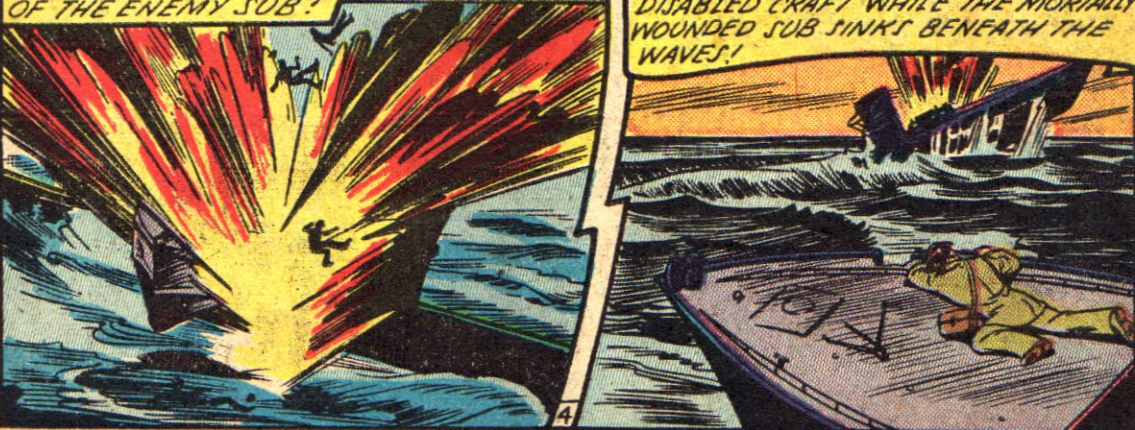
THE PT BEARS DOWN ON THE SURFACED SUB AT FULL SPEED AND, AT POINT-BLANK RANGE, OPENS FIRE!

HANG ON, MEN-- WE'RE GOING THROUGH!



THE NEXT INSTANT - A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AS THE TORPEDO-LOADED PT BOAT SMASHES ACROSS THE DECK OF THE ENEMY SUB!

AND, AS QUIET SETTLES OVER THE PACIFIC, LUCKY LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE DECK OF THE DISABLED CRAFT WHILE THE MORTALLY WOUNDED SUB SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES!





# LUCKY STARR

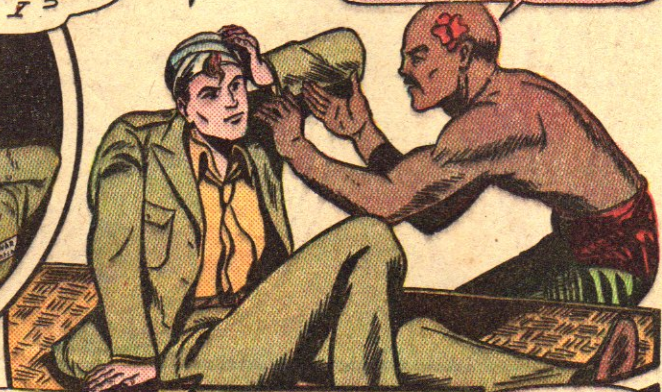
LUCKY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS THE NEXT DAY -- AND FINDS HIMSELF IN UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS!

SILENCE -- THE WHITE MAN IS STIRRING!

OH -- THAT NOISE! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

HEY - WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE GUYS FROM THAT PT BOAT?

WE ARE FRIENDS OF THE WHITE MAN! YOUR BOAT DRIFTED INTO SHORE AND WE CARRIED YOU HERE!



HOW COME YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? AND, WHAT ABOUT MY FRIENDS?

A WHITE MISSIONARY LIVED HERE FOR MANY YEARS -- HE TAUGHT US YOUR LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS! YOUR FRIENDS -- I DO NOT KNOW! THERE WAS NO ONE BUT YOU ON THE BOAT!

SUDDENLY --- A SHIP COMES -- IT IS ONE FROM THE LAND OF THE INVADERS!

THAT MUST BE A JAP SHIP -- WHAT ARE THEY COMING HERE FOR?



THEY COME TO TAKE OUR FOOD! YOU -- YOU MUST HIDE! THEY WOULD KILL YOU IF THEY SHOULD FIND YOU!

WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE FOR ME TO SEE WHAT GOES?

FIRST, I THINK YOU

WEAR THIS TO MAKE YOU SEEM AS ONE OF MY TRIBE -- IF THINGS GO BAD, MAYBE YOU CAN ESCAPE!

THANKS! AND I'LL KEEP OUT OF THE WAY -- IF THOSE JAPS SPOTTED MY CAMERA, THEY'D BE APT TO KILL EVERYONE!

THAT GROVE IS BEST PLACE! TAKE CARE!

HEY -- I WANT TO GET SOME PICTURES OF THIS!





# LUCKY STARR

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE JAP LANDING PARTIES HAVE ARRIVED AND TAKEN OVER.

BURN THE HUTS -- WE BUILD SUPPLY DUMPS HERE IN THE CLEARING!

PLEASE -- DO NOT DESTROY THE HOMES OF MY PEOPLE! WE DO NOT RESIST YOU!

DOG -- BE QUIET! THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE MARINES DO NOT ASK -- WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

AND, CONCEALED IN THE UNDER-BRUSH, LUCKY FILMS THE JAP ATROCITIES!

I CANNOT LET YOU -- -- UGHHH --

YOU WERE WARNED!

WHY, THAT DIRTY COWARD!

THOSE JAPS ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE -- THIS TRICK HAD BETTER WORK OR SILVER STARR NEWREELS LOSES ITS WAR CORRESPONDENT!

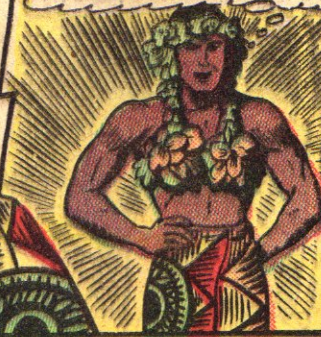
LUCKY DECIDES DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR!

BOY, THIS CLAY HAD BETTER STICK OR MY NAME WILL BE MUD! MAYBE THOSE FLOWERS WILL HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS -- THOSE PICTURES ARE RED-HOT!

DISGUISED AS A NATIVE GIRL, LUCKY SKIRTS THE VILLAGE AND HEADS FOR THE BEACH!

OH, BROTHER, IF I GET AWAY WITH THIS... NO! MUCH FARTHER NOW!

ON THE SHORE, LUCKY FINDS A NATIVE WAR CANOE! HOPE THERE' NO TRICK TO PADDLING THIS THING! EASY, NOW, LUCKY BOY -- EASY DOES IT!





# LUCKY STARR

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, ABOARD THE JAP SUPPLY SHIP...

SIR -- A NATIVE BOAT APPROACHES!

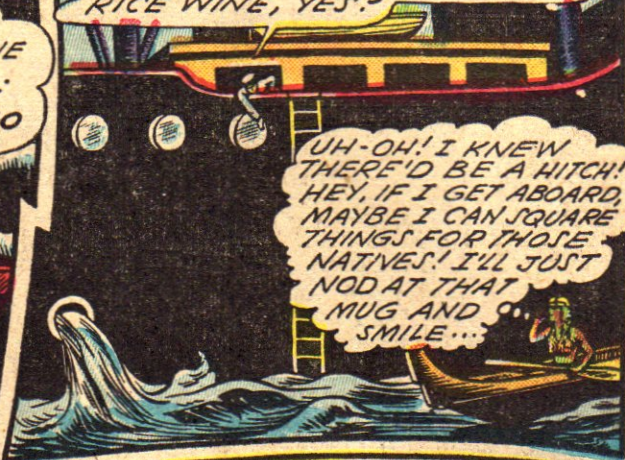
IT ISS A WOMAN! SHE ISS ALONE... I WILL GREET HER -- YOU GO BELOW!

IF I CAN ONLY GET PAST THAT SHIP TO OPEN SEA...



GREETINGS-- WELCOME! YOU COME ON BOARD! ONE DRINK RICE WINE, YES?

UH-OH! I KNEW THERE'D BE A HITCH! HEY, IF I GET ABOARD, MAYBE I CAN SQUARE THINGS FOR THOSE NATIVES! I'LL JUST NOD AT THAT MUG AND SMILE...



LUCKY'S RUSE WORKS--

BUT--

AH, BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN--WE HAVE MUCH PLEASURE!

YOU BET-- BUT NOT THE KIND YOU MEAN!

WHAT OCCURS! YOU NOT NATIVE! THAT IS CLAY ON MY FINGERS!

GUESS THE FUN STARTS NOW, PAL!

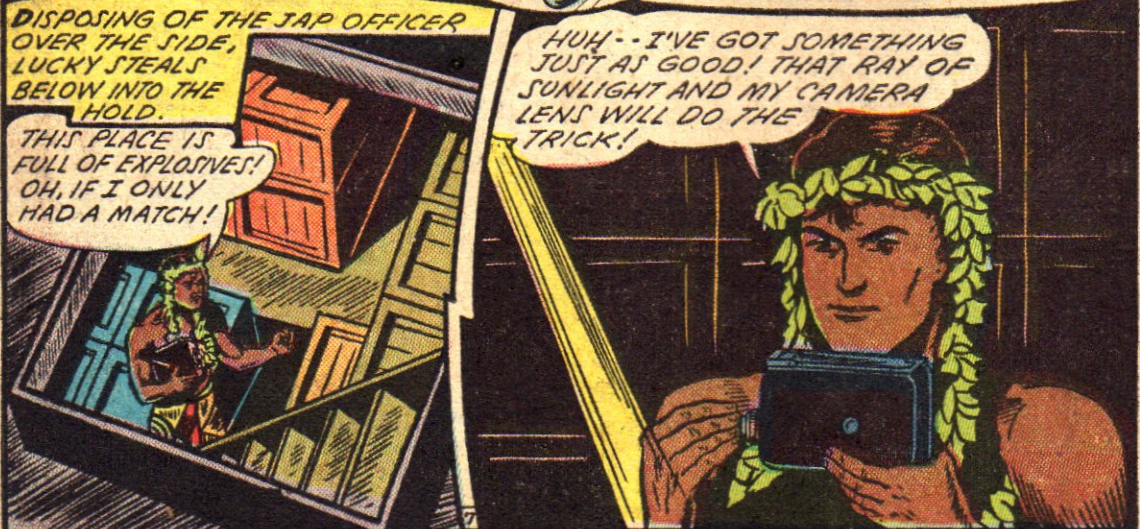
HONORABLE DREAMS, DISHONORABLE ONE!



DISPOSING OF THE JAP OFFICER OVER THE SIDE, LUCKY STEALS BELOW INTO THE HOLD.

THIS PLACE IS FULL OF EXPLOSIVES! OH, IF I ONLY HAD A MATCH!

HUH-- I'VE GOT SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD! THAT RAY OF SUNLIGHT AND MY CAMERA LENS WILL DO THE TRICK!





# LUCKY STARR

IT'S CATCHING NOW!  
JUST A COUPLE OF  
SECONDS MORE AND  
I'LL HAVE TO START  
MOVING IF I WANT  
TO STAY HEALTHY!



ON DECK, A JAP  
SAILOR STROLLS BY  
THE OPENING AND  
SMELLS...

SMOKE!? CANNOT  
BE? I MUST FIND  
OUT WHERE  
FROM!

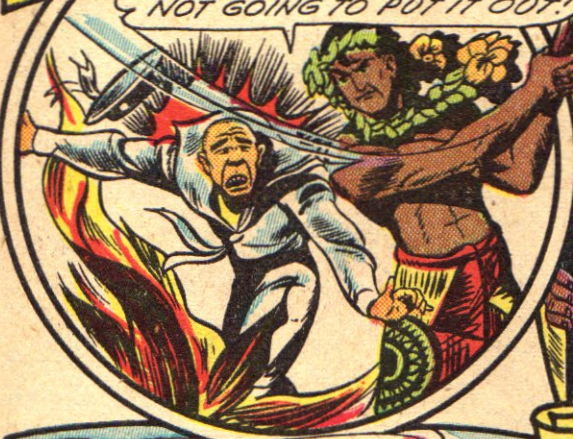


ISS FIRE IN THE  
AMMUNITION HOLD!  
NOT VERY BIG YET!  
MAYBE I CAN STOP  
IT!



IN HIS HASTE TO GET AT THE FIRE,  
THE JAP DOESN'T NOTICE LUCKY  
UNTIL--

HEY--I HAD A TOUGH  
TIME STARTING THIS! YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO PUT IT OUT!

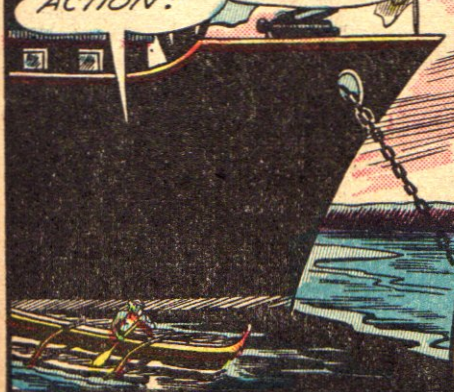


GRABBING HIS CAMERA AND A  
BOX OF GRENADES, LUCKY MAKES  
HIS ESCAPE!

LUCKY FOR ME MOST  
OF THESE BOYS ARE BUSY ON  
SHORE! UGH-- THIS AMMUNITION  
IS HEAVY BUT, IT MAY COME IN  
HANDY!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! BUT IF I  
DON'T GET AWAY FROM HERE  
FAST, THIS CANOE WILL BE  
LISTED AS MISSING IN  
ACTION!



PADDLING FURIOUSLY, LUCKY GETS  
OUT OF RANGE OF TROUBLE --  
BUT NOT OUT OF CAMERA RANGE!

HOT ZIP!





# LUCKY STARR

ON SHORE, THE JAP LANDING PARTY WATCHES HELPLESSLY AS ITS TRANSPORT EXPLODES AND BURNS!

LOOK-- OUR SHIP IS ON FIRE!

ISS MAYBE NOT SO BAD! STOP TALK AND SHOOT NATIVE WHO APPROACHES... ISS ONE WHO CAUSED FIRE!

NOW WE CANNOT RETURN TO JAPAN! WE ARE CAUGHT HERE! ISS TERRIBLE!

THE JAPS OPEN FIRE --

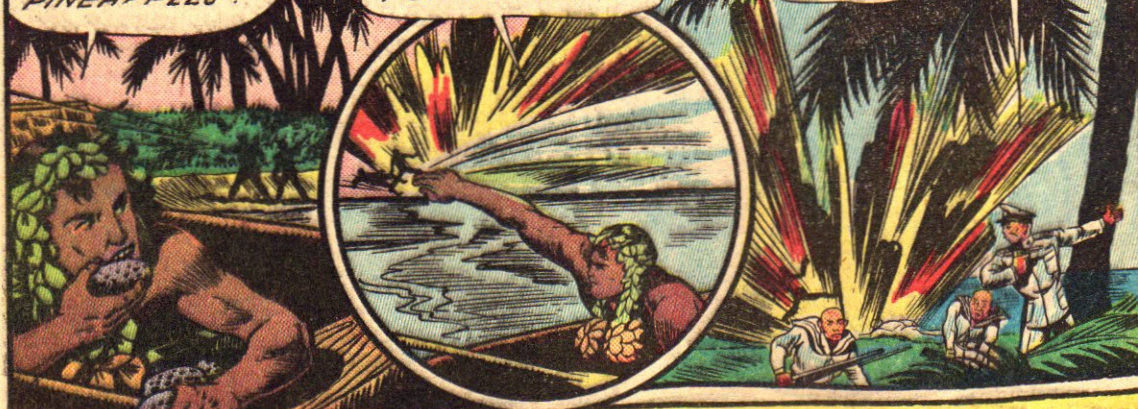
WAIT UNTIL MATT SEES THESE SHOTS! I'LL BET THEY'RE THE HOTTEST THINGS OUT OF THE PACIFIC YET!



GUESS I'M IN CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO REACH THEM WITH ONE OF THOSE PINEAPPLES!

GOOD SHOT, OLD BOY-- RIGHT OVER HOME PLATE! NOW GIVE 'EM ANOTHER JUST FOR PRACTICE!

RETREAT! TAKE COVER IN BUSHES! WE SWIPE AT DOG FROM TREES!



BUT THE NATIVES HAVE DECIDED TO ACT!

YOU DARE TO OPPOSE SOLDIERS OF SON OF HEAVEN?

WHAT WE CAN DO NOW?

WE DARE! PUT DOWN YOUR ARMS! WE ARE PEOPLE OF PEACE BUT-- IF WE MUST KILL YOU, WE KNOW THE MANNER IN WHICH TO DO IT!

ALL OPPOSITION CONQUERED, LUCKY BEACHES THE CANOE --

THAT WAS NICE WORK, CHIEF! SAY, TELL THAT JAP OFFICER I DON'T WANT ANY MORE PICTURES OF HIM!



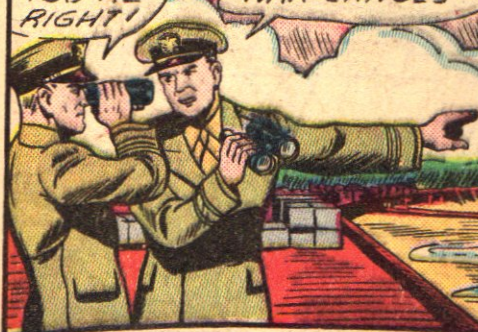


# LUCKY STARR

FOUR DAYS LATER, THE WATCH AT THE AMERICAN INVASION BASE REPORTS--

LOOK OUT THERE, SIR, PLEASE!  
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE  
A FLEET OF NATIVE  
WAR CANOES!

I THINK  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!



OKAY, CHIEF-SHOOT!  
I WONDER IF MATT  
WILL RECOGNIZE  
ME IN THIS  
OUTFIT!?

I JUST PRESS  
THIS BUTTON,  
SO ... THERE!  
I TAKE YOUR  
PICTURE NOW,  
LUCKY-- IS THAT  
NOT RIGHT?



HOLY SMOKES-- IT'S  
LUCKY STARR! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

LUCKY MAKES  
HIS REPORT--

I'VE GOT THE WHOLE  
BUSINESS ON THE FILM  
IN MY CAMERA, SIR!

WE RAN  
INTO TOO MANY  
JAPS-- I'M AFRAID  
THE P.T. MEN WERE  
ALL LOST!

SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE SINKING OF  
THAT JAP TRANSPORT  
OFF ISLAND  
X-Z!?

GREAT-- I'LL  
HAVE IT DEVELOPED  
FOR YOU IMMEDIATE-  
LY! WE'LL SHOW IT  
TONIGHT!



SAY, THE ADMIRAL TELLS  
ME WE'RE HAVING A GUEST  
TONIGHT-- ANY IDEA WHO  
IT IS?

GENERAL MACARTHUR-- GOJH! AND I  
HAVEN'T GOT MY CAMERA!

HE'S RIGHT OVER  
THERE, LUCKY-- AND  
PRETTY POPULAR WITH THE  
GUYS IN THE PACIFIC!

MISTER STARR, THIS IS MY PRIVILEGE!  
I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON  
YOUR ONE-MAN BLITZ-- I'M VERY  
ANXIOUS TO SEE THOSE PICTURES!



SO LUCKY'S FIRST GREAT WAR ADVENTURE ENDS WITH CON-  
GRATULATIONS FROM MACARTHUR! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
LUCKY COMICS, THE ACE CAMERAMAN SETS OFF ON ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE THAT WILL HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND!



# POT of GOLD

A SHORT-SHORT STORY.



OBSURE AND UNKNOWN, THIS STRANGE ARTIST BEGINS ANOTHER OF HIS PAINTINGS

THIS TIME I WILL TRY A MORE INTENSE TREATMENT!



SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL RECOGNIZE MY GENIUS-- FOR I HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF PAINTING FOR ART ALONE!



THEN-- WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR AN IMPORTANT NEWS BULLETIN. THE COE GANG HAS KIDNAPPED JACK HUNT, WEALTHY MANUFACTURER AND ARE HOLD...

BAH! WHY IS IT PEOPLE CANNOT BE BEAUTIFUL? CRIME IS SUCH AN UGLY THING!





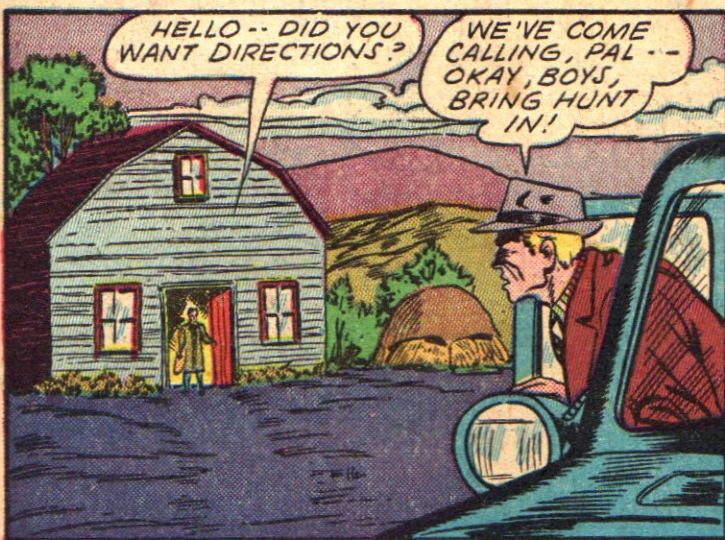
# POT OF GOLD



THERE IS SO MUCH TO BE ADMIRIED IN THE UNIVERSE-- IT IS PITIFUL THAT MAN WILL WASTE HIS SHORT SPAN ON SORDID THINGS!



HMM-- I'M SURE I HEARD A CAR STOP -- WHO COULD BE COMING HERE?



HELLO -- DID YOU WANT DIRECTIONS?

WE'VE COME CALLING, PAL -- OKAY, BOYS, BRING HUNT IN!



WHY--WHAT IS THIS? WHO IS THAT MAN?

THAT'S NOT YOUR HEADACHE, MICHAEL ANGELO! HURRY UP-- IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



THE INTRUDERS PUSH INTO TRENTON'S STUDIO --

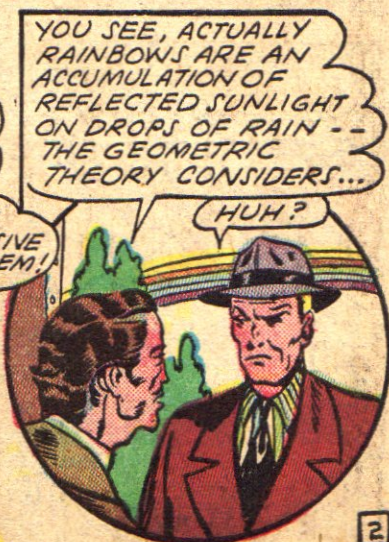
HOLY SMOKES, RAINBOWS!! I PAINT MILLIONS OF THEM!

I PAINT NOTHING ELSE!



THAT'S CRAZY! THERE AIN'T ANYTHING TO RAINBOWS!

ON THE CONTRARY, MY RUDE FRIEND-- THEY ARE MY LIFE'S WORK AND I'VE MADE A COMPREHENSIVE STUDY OF THEM!



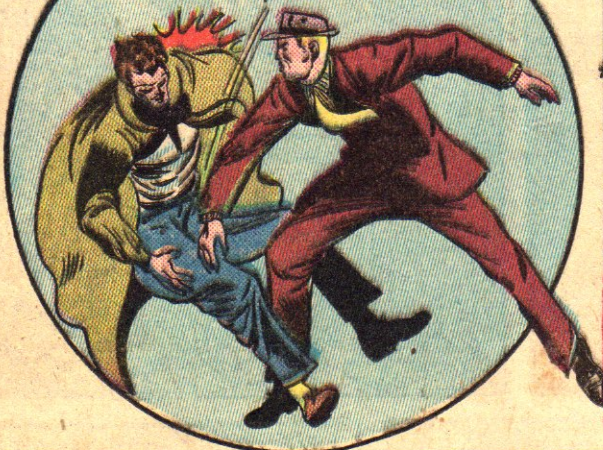
YOU SEE, ACTUALLY RAINBOWS ARE AN ACCUMULATION OF REFLECTED SUNLIGHT ON DROPS OF RAIN -- THE GEOMETRIC THEORY CONSIDERS...

HUH?



# POT OF GOLD

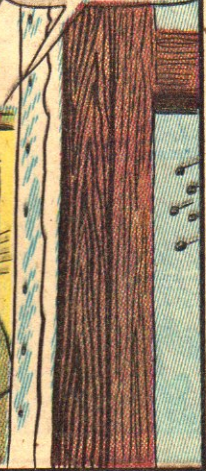
SMART GUY-- WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE RIDIN' ? SHUT UP!



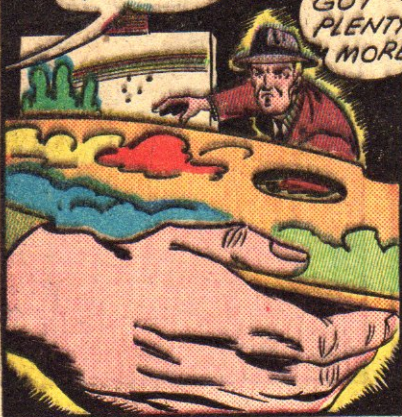
HERE'S THE WAY I PAINT RAINBOWS, OR ANYTHIN' ELSE!



STOP-- MY PAINTING!



YOU DARE TO RUIN MY WORK-- YOU-- YOU STUPID FOOL!



AW, RELAX-- YOU'VE GOT PLENTY MORE!

HOW COULD YOU KNOW WHAT ART IS-- WHAT IT MEANS! ALL YOU KNOW IS THIS!!



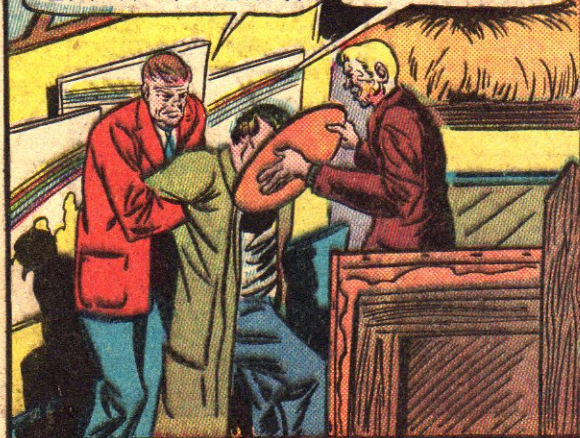
BUT COE'S HENCHMAN COMES UP BEHIND THE ANGRY ARTIST!



DON'T KILL HIM YET-- I'M MAKE HIM EAT PAINT FOR THAT!

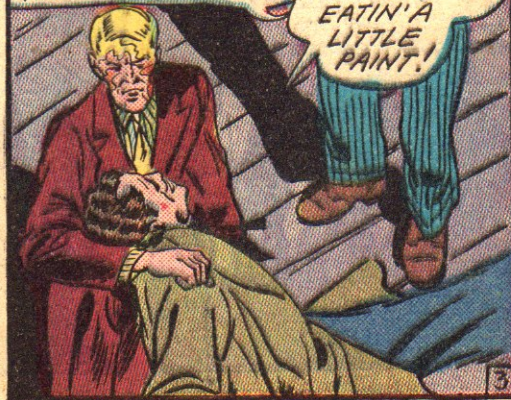
COE CARRIES OUT HIS WILD THREAT--

C'MON, WISE GUY-- EAT IT UP! EAT!!



UGH-- NO! STOP! AGHRR!

IT'S STOPPED RAINING, BOSS. LET'S GET THAT RANSON NOTE ON IT'S WAY! FORGET THAT SCREWBALL!



HUH-- DIS GUY'S NO ARTIST-- HE'S OUT COLD FROM EATIN' A LITTLE PAINT!

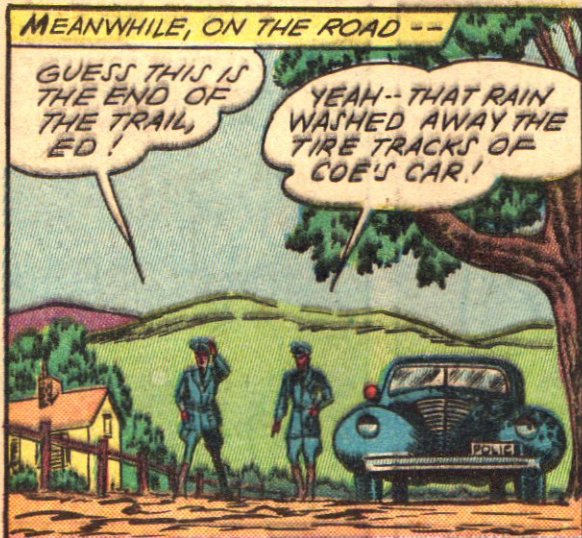


# POT OF GOLD

MEANWHILE, ON THE ROAD --

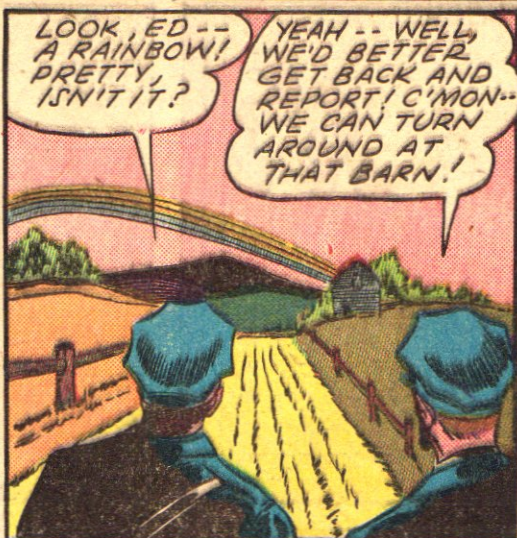
GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL, ED!

YEAH--THAT RAIN WASHED AWAY THE TIRE TRACKS OF COE'S CAR!



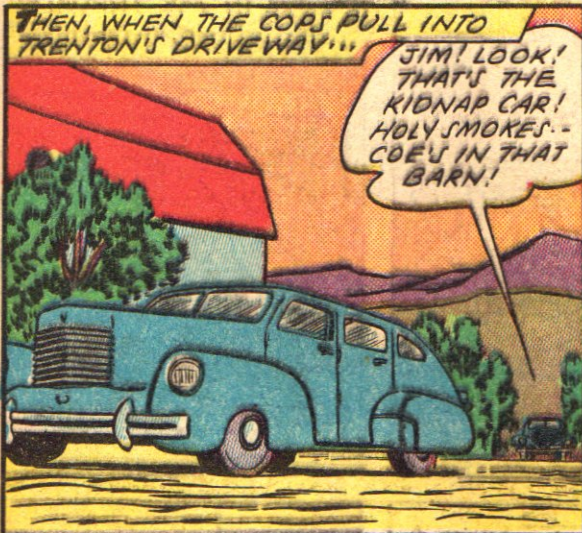
LOOK, ED-- A RAINBOW! PRETTY, ISN'T IT?

YEAH-- WELL, WE'D BETTER GET BACK AND REPORT! C'MON-- WE CAN TURN AROUND AT THAT BARN!



THEN, WHEN THE COPS PULL INTO TRENTON'S DRIVEWAY...

JIM! LOOK! THAT'S THE KIDNAP CAR! HOLY SMOKE-- COE'S IN THAT BARN!



THE KIDNAPPERS ARE CAUGHT--WHILE THEY ARE WRITING THE RANSOM NOTE.

WHA--HEY! THE COPS!

HUH?

OKAY, BOYS--JUST DON'T MOVE! ED, UNTIE HUNT OVER THERE!



LATER-- IT WAS FUNNY--I WAS JUST LOOKIN' AT THE RAINBOW AND NOTICED THIS BARN AT THE END OF IT-- IT LOOKED LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TURN AROUND! THEN...

HMM-- YOU MEAN A RAINBOW LED YOU HERE?

RATHER HUMOROUS, EH, MR. HUNT?



MR. TRENTON--ASIDE FROM A FEELING OF GRATITUDE, I APPRECIATE YOUR CANVASES AS WORKS OF ART! IF POSSIBLE, I WOULD LIKE TO PURCHASE EVERY ONE OF THEM FOR MY COLLECTION!

WHY--

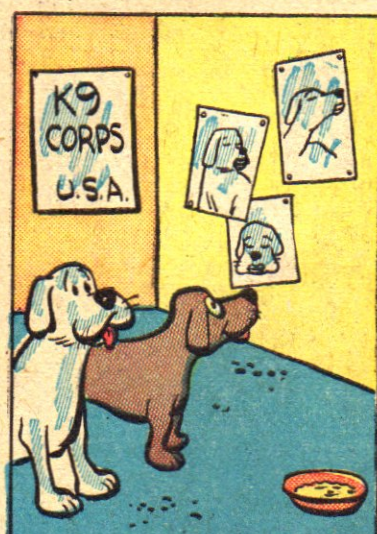
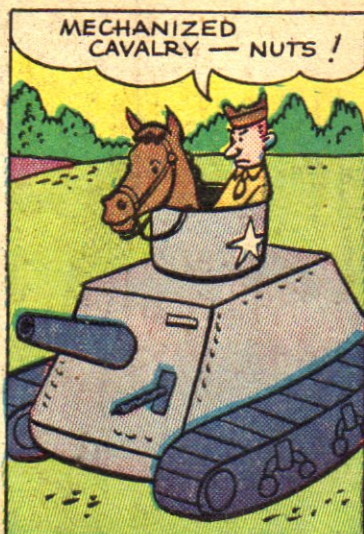
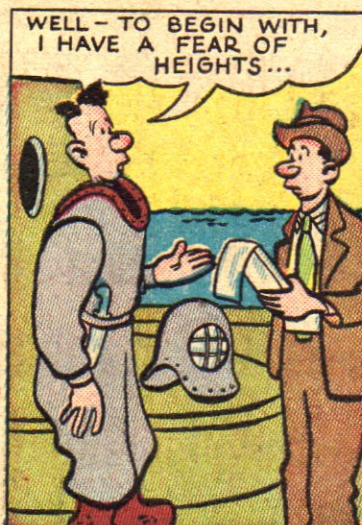
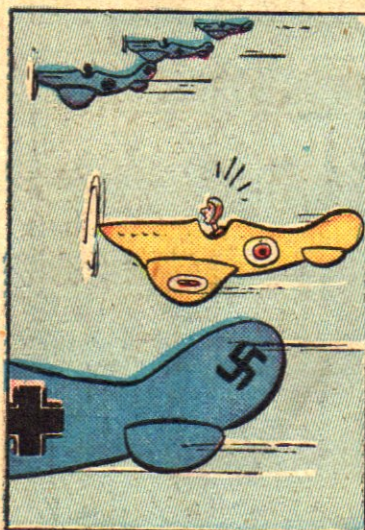
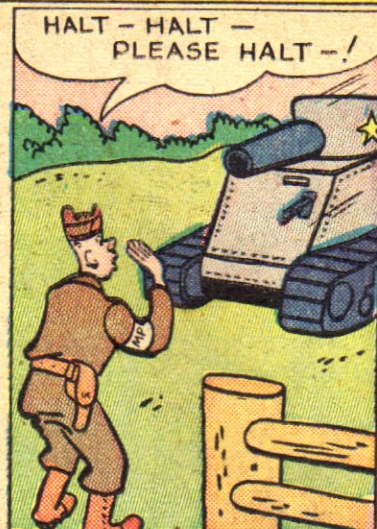
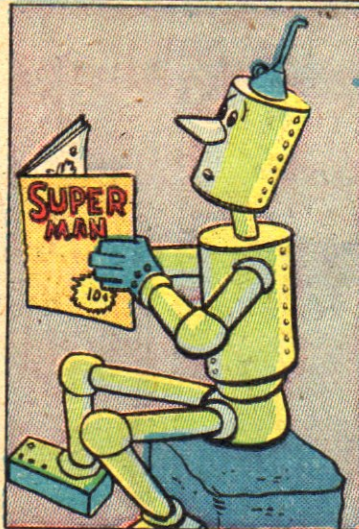


OF COURSE! -BUT, HOW STRANGE... YOU AND I NEEDED CRIME, MR. HUNT, TO PROVE THAT THERE IS A POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF OUR RAINBOWS!





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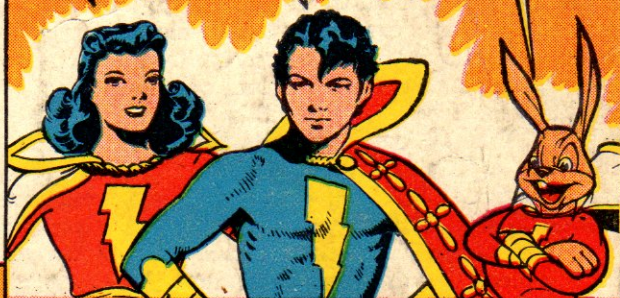


The rest of the Marvel family agrees, too!  
Here's what Mary, Capt. Marvel, Jr., and Hoppy say:

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**Captain Marvel says:**

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